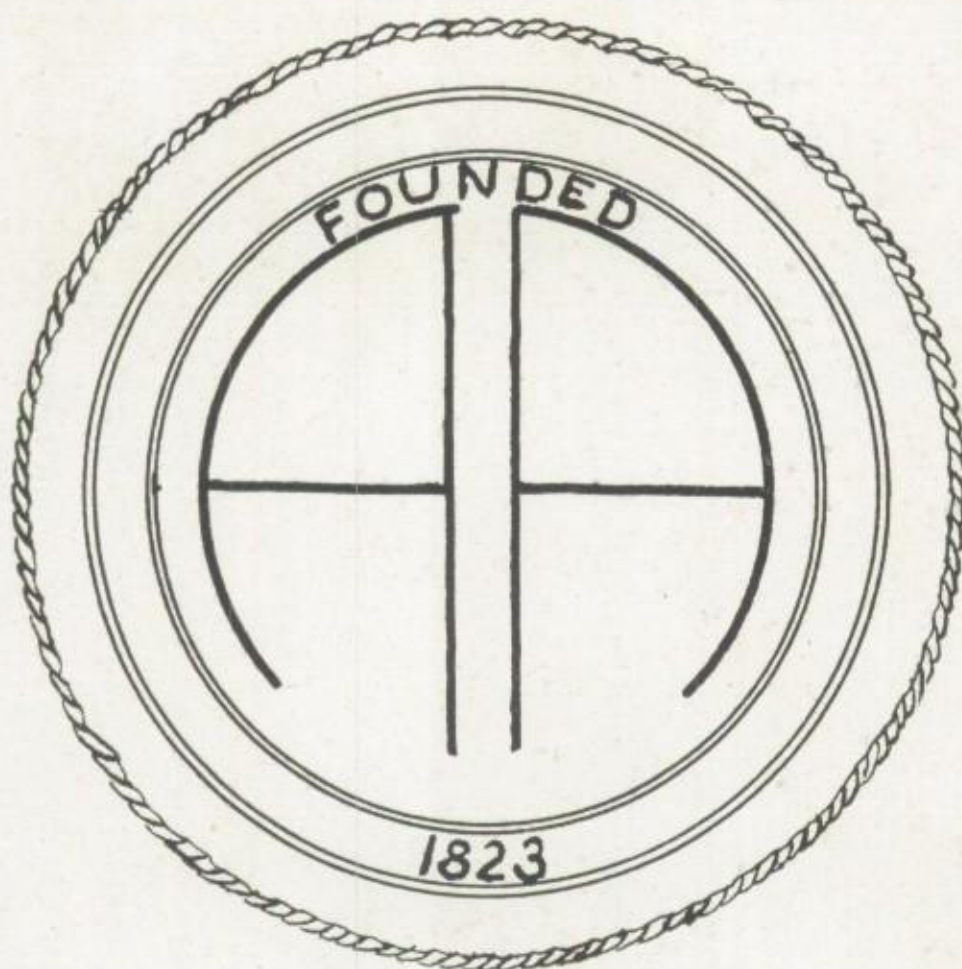




THE ANCHOR

1946

THE ANCHOR



*Published by the Senior Class of Anson Academy,
North Anson, Maine*

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We, the members of the Board of Trustees of Anson Academy, wish to congratulate the members of the senior class who have worked so energetically on the 1946 edition of THE ANCHOR.

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THE FACULTY



Left to Right: Mrs. Pease, Miss Richardson, Mr. Merrill, Principal, Mr. Abbott, Miss Pullen, Miss Hight.

It is with pleasure that we dedicate
this edition of the "Anchor" to our
faculty.

ROBERT B. MERRILL, A. B. Colby College

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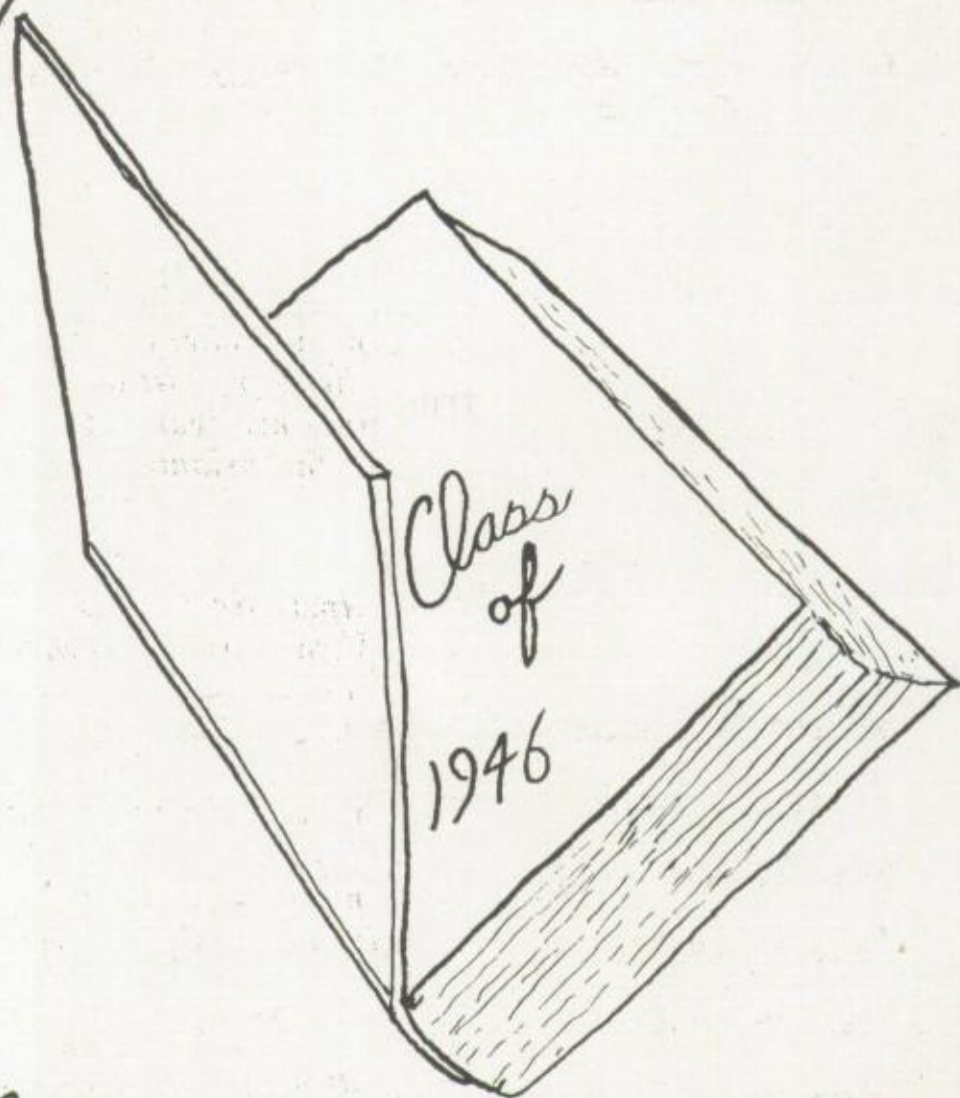
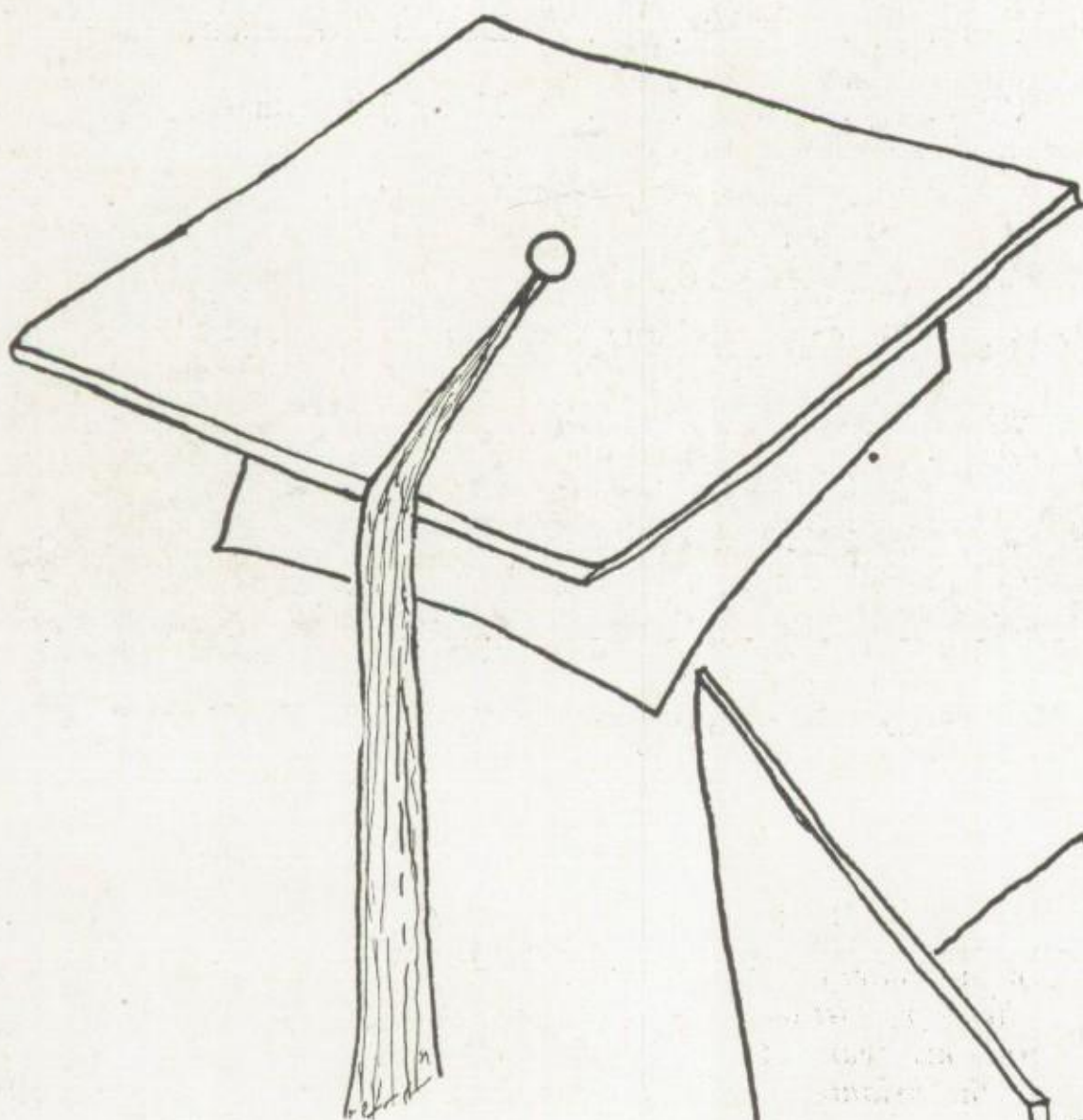
Industrial Arts, Business Training

English, Languages, History

Home Economics, Problems of Democracy

Junior High

Music



Seniors

SENIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	BRUCE PAINE
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	DORRIS SKILLINGS
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARY JUDKINS

Class Motto

Out of School Life Into Life's School

Class Colors

Maroon and White

Class Flowers

American Beauty Rose and White Carnation

SCHOOL SONG

*In the gallery of memories
There are pictures bright and fair
But this dear old Anson Academy
Is the brightest one that's there.*

CHORUS:

*Alma Mater, how we love thee,
With a love that ne'er shall fade
For we feel we owe a debt to thee
That never can be paid.*

*In every field of action
Men of Anson's won a place
In the schools of all New England
It is Anson that sets the pace.*

CHORUS:

*Alma Mater, how we love thee,
With a love that ne'er shall fade
For we feel we owe a debt to thee
That never can be paid.*

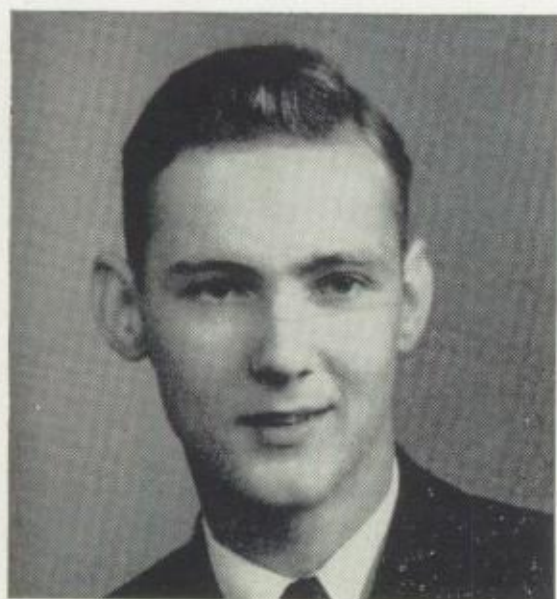
GRADUATES

PHYLLIS MAY CORO

"Phyl"

"Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!"

Activities: Class Secretary 1, 2; Basketball 3; School Play 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Student Council 3, 4; Assistant Treasurer 3; Treasurer 4; Glee Club 3, 4; D. A. R. Candidate 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Yearbook Staff 4; Art Editor, Business Manager.



WALTER EVERETT ELA

"Pop"

"Tall and Taken"

Activities: Basketball 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 2; President 3, 4; Junior Speaking 3rd Prize; Rifle 1, 2; Leaders Club 2, 3; School Play 3, 4; Senior Play 3, 4; Yearbook Staff 4; Sports Editor, Literary Editor, Business Manager.

MARY JANE JUDKINS

"Jud"

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary"

Activities: Basketball 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2; Class Treasurer 3; Class Secretary 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Band 3, 4; School Play 3; Junior Speaking 1st Prize; Senior Play 4; One Act Play 4; Yearbook Staff 4; Literary and Art Editor, Home Economics Club 2.





ERNEST LEE MOODY

"Lee"

"Here Today—Gone Tomorrow"

Activities: Basketball 3, 4; Student Council 4; Vice-President 4; Band 3, 4; Junior Speaking 2nd Prize; Leaders Club 2, 3; School Play 1, 2, 4; Yearbook Staff 4; Sports and Alumni Editor.

MURIEL AGNES MOODY

"Speedy"

"Better Late Than Never"

Activities: Basketball 4; School Play 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Home Economics Club 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Yearbook Staff 4; Social Editor.



BLANCHE CORA MULLIN

"Patsy"

"Tute 'n Tunnin' "

Activities: Basketball 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Home Economics Club 2; Leaders Club 2, 3; Student Council 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Band 3, 4; Softball 3; Yearbook Staff 4; Class and Assistant Editor.

BRUCE KINGMAN PAINE

"Paine"

"Jolly and Never Lonely"

Activities: President 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Basketball Manager 3, 4; Rifle Club 1, 2; School Play 1, 2, 4; Senior Play 2, 3, 4; Band 4; Glee Club 4; Leaders Club 2, 3; Yearbook Staff 4; Editor.



DORRIS JUNE SKILLINGS

"Dot"

"Gotta Be This or That"

Activities: Class Secretary 3; Basketball 3, 4; School Play 4; Senior Play 4; Vice-President 4; Treasurer 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Latin Club 1; Softball 3; Home Economics Club 1; Yearbook Staff 4; Class Editor.

KENNETH ALFRED McHENRY

A Classmate Who Is Attending

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY



JUNIOR CLASS



Seated, left to right: Katherine Ela, Muriel Dunphy, Lelia Newell, Betty Petty.
Standing, left to right: Chester Briggs, Maxine Paine, Rebecca Briggs, John Young.

The Juniors are a class of eight members; six girls and two boys, as follows:

Chester (Teddy) Briggs
Rebecca (Becky) Briggs
Muriel (Sammy) Dunphy
Katherine (Kay) Ela
Lelia (Lee) Newell
Araminta (Betty) Petty
John (Johnny) Young
Maxine (Macky) Paine

The class officers are:

<i>President</i>	MURIEL DUNPHY
<i>Vice-President</i>	CHESTER BRIGGS
<i>Secretary</i>	LELIA NEWELL

Student Council members:

Rebecca Briggs, serving as secretary
Katherine Ela, acting as Assistant Treasurer
John Young, an active member

Our class went out strongly for basketball

with six members, all of whom were on the varsity squad as follows:

Katherine Ela, *Captain*
Muriel Dunphy
Rebecca Briggs
Lelia Newell
John Young
Chester Briggs

Although Maxine and Betty did not play, they did some loud shouting. There were three of us in the school play: Katherine, Maxine and Teddy. There were two of us in the one-act play: Maxine and Teddy. Katherine and Muriel are band members from our class.

The Junior Prom was held May 17. This was a semi-formal dance and was very successful. Music was furnished by Ted King's orchestra.

Chester Briggs played an important part in the Senior play.

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Seated, left to right: Ruth Newell, Lucille Berry, Mary Jacques, Iva Moulton, Florence Coro, Barbara Judkins, Frances Lynds, Sadie Lightbody.

Standing, left to right: Eldon McLean, Ralph Manzer, Eleanor Ketchum, Leroy Rolfe, Merle Skillings, Hilda Walker, Richard Whitaker, James Farley. Christie Mullin absent when picture was taken.

The following were elected as class officers:

<i>President</i>		RICHARD WHITAKER
<i>Vice-President</i>		MARY JACQUES
<i>Secretary</i>		RUTH NEWELL

Sadie Lightbody and James Farley were elected as members of the Student Council.

Our class consists of seventeen members. We were sorry to lose Gerald Peters at the first of the year.

Frances Lynds and Barbara Judkins played on the girls' basketball team.

Ralph Manzer, Eldon McLean, Richard Whitaker, Merle Skillings and Leroy Rolfe were on the boys' basketball team.

Fifteen members of our class are in the Glee Club and three are in the band.

Our class held an informal dance April 5, with music by Ted King's orchestra. Refreshments were sold by the members of the class.

FRESHMAN CLASS



Front row, left to right: Wilma Hartwell, Shirley Viles, Alverna Livingston, Beverly Paine, Edith Spencer, Lillian Young, Miriam Skillings, Chrystelle Berry, Ruth Buzzell.
Back row, left to right: Fred Coro, Lester Stapleford, Erwin Brown, Chester Newell, Warren Bessey, Herbert Lynds, Garry Spencer, Sherman Manzer.

The following were elected as class officers:

<i>President</i>	GARRY SPENCER
<i>Vice-President</i>	SHERMAN MANZER
<i>Secretary</i>	FRED CORO

Shirley Viles and Warren Bessey were elected as Student Council members.

Our class consists of nineteen members. We all were very sorry to lose Manley Cates and Alice Collins during the year.

Chrystelle Berry and Alverna Livingston played on the girls' basketball team.

Warren Bessey, Chester Newell, Garry Spencer, Sherman Manzer, and Erwin Brown were

included on the boys' basketball team.

At the first of the year we welcomed into our class five new members: Ruth Buzzell, Lester Stapleford, Sherman Manzer, Manley Cates, and Erwin Brown.

Sixteen members are in the Glee Club.

Chrystelle Berry, Alverna Livingston, Miriam Skillings, and Garry Spencer are in the band.

At the first of the year the school put on a play and from our class Manley Cates took part.

We freshmen are grateful to our teachers for their help and we all appreciate it.

JUNIOR HIGH



Front row, left to right: Priscilla Whiting, Lois Bean, Shirley McLean, Nancy Fish, Rose Bessey, Mary Peters, Flora Newell, Patricia Witham, Katherine Turcotte, Dorothy Allen, Glenys Watson, Joyce Harvie, Olive Peters, Evangeline Manzer.

Back row, left to right: William Paine, Vaughn Bessey, Charles Hartwell, Robert Nault, Albert Bradley, Leslie Watson, Frances Edgerly, Carmen Whitaker, Fred Pullen, Colby Hilton, Robert Burns, Robert Cummings, Eugene Norton.

During the year, we have had three teachers: Mrs. Getchell, Mrs. Paine, and Mrs. Pease. The seventh and eighth grades have been combined, making a room of thirty students.

We have enjoyed participating in the various school activities. Students in the Glee Club were Robert Burns, Eugene Norton, Robert Nault, Colby Hilton, and all of the girls of the eighth grade. Robert Burns, Robert Cummings, Colby Hilton, and Robert Nault were members of the band.

Katherine Turcotte and Patricia Witham

represented the junior high on the Student Council.

We are proud of the boys' basketball team which won four of the nine games that they played. Members of the squad were: Robert Nault, Robert Cummings, Robert Burns, Eugene Norton, Charles Hartwell, Frederick Pullen, Colby Hilton, Gale Oliver, and William Paine.

Entertainment for the May 15th assembly program was furnished by the junior high.

STUDENT COUNCIL



Front row, left to right: Shirley Viles, Katherine Turcotte, Patricia Witham, Katherine Ela, Phyllis Coro, Blanche Mullin.

Back row, left to right: Rebecca Briggs, Warren Bessey, Ernest Moody, Walter Ela, John Young, James Farley, Sadie Lightbody.

The Student Council consists of thirteen members, four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores, two Freshmen. Also one each from the seventh and eighth grades.

The Student Council sponsored a play, "Cheerio My Deario", and had supervision of the dancing school.

The officers are:

<i>President</i>	WALTER ELA
<i>Vice-President</i>	ERNEST MOODY
<i>Secretary</i>	REBECCA BRIGGS
<i>Treasurer</i>	PHYLLIS CORO
<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>	KATHERINE ELA

Committees:

Social Committee:

Katherine Ela
Phyllis Coro
Rebecca Briggs

Advertising Committee:

Patricia Witham
Warren Bessey
Rebecca Briggs

Finance Committee:

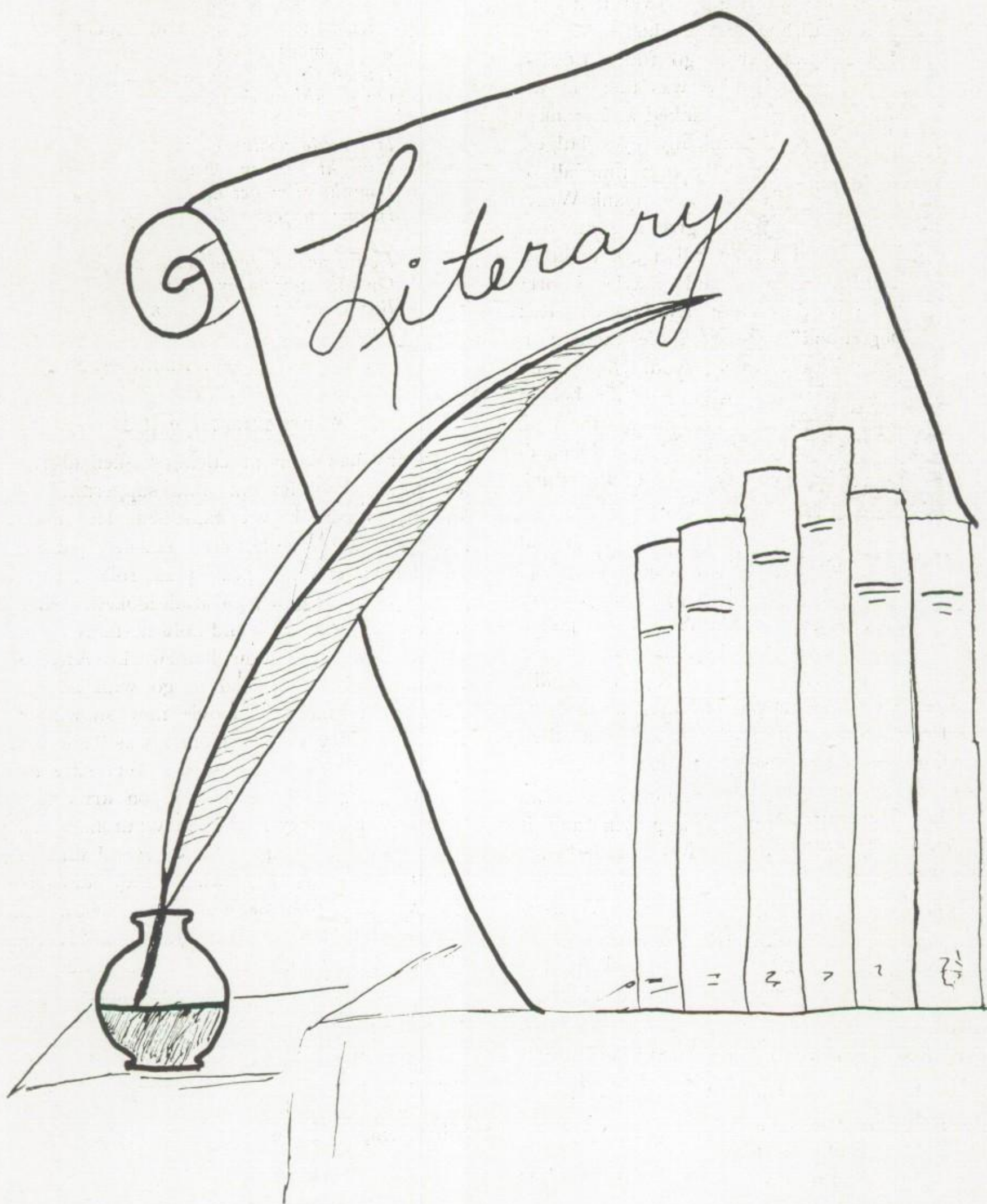
Phyllis Coro
Katherine Ela
Shirley Viles

Ways and Means Committee:

Katherine Ela
Phyllis Coro
Sadie Lightbody

Athletic Committee:

Blanche Mullin
John Young
Rebecca Briggs



Uncle Josh Buys An Automobile

Well, now children, when your Aunt Nancy wanted a car, I says to myself, "That's a purty dern poor thing to do."

Anyway, she crabbed and grouched until I bought it. She was happier over that dern thing than a small boy over a whistle.

One day she wanted to go for a ride. I think all of Skunk Hollow was there at the time to watch us start. I cranked and cranked on that there animal until my eyes bulged. Still it would not start. By that time all of the onlookers were giving advice. Hank Weaver said maybe I ought to give it some oats and lead it around awhile 'till it got to know me. Berkinshire Bailes said, maybe I orta give it some of that there new-fangled "Red Heart Dog Food". James Baile thought it needed some Flea Powder; Aunt Nancy said maybe it was threaded wrong, or the bobbin was wound too tight, and old Duncan, the fool, wanted to offer prayer. Purty soon Obediah Peaks came along and says, "Don't this thing go in somewhere?"

We fixed it with a few more twists to that there crank, when the thing began to jump, roar, snort and bang. I hopped aboard 'er along with the rest of Skunk Hollow, pulled on a stick that was beside Aunt Nancy and we took off. We ran over Cy Pettingill's beehive, tore down his picket fence, ran through a barn yard, over two flocks of hens, and then we were out on the turnpike road.

Nancy was a' screaming, Hank Weaver had his eyes shut, Duncan was a prayin' and it wouldn't be right to say what Obediah Peaks was a doin', but Aunt Nancy said it sounded as if he were a-talking to th' Lord. We were speeding along the highway with the old car only hitting the high spots, few and far between. Then we went out of the road through two pastures, over a stone wall; we ran over Cy's dog, killed one sheep and two cows, and then ran into a haystack and blowed up. All I got from that ride was a broken finger, two black eyes, two lawsuits, and a mortgage on the farm. Nancy says if we ever own another automobile we'll have a regular chauffeur

to run it. I ain't sayin' much but I got a lingering suspicion all my joy riding will be done in an old buckboard wagon!!!

—MURIEL DUNPHY '47

A Poem

*I wish that I could write a poem
As so many others do;
I wish that I could write a poem
On a subject or two.*

*If I could write a poem
I might pass my English;
I might even get an A
In one subject I don't relish.*

*I only wish I could write a poem
On this subject and that;
But I can't write a poem
And that's that!*

—KATHERINE ELA '47

A Midnight Ride

Johnny had been practicing basketball from the time school let out until suppertime. At the supper table he was famished. His mother had prepared hot buttered mashed potatoes, sliced ham, creamed peas, yeast rolls, and hot mince pie. Oh! how good it all looked. Johnny ate and ate, until he could hold no more. Then he sat down to do his homework. After he had finished, he decided to go with his best pal, Joe, to the new movie now showing at the Opera House. The picture was "The Men Without A Head" and he was very sure that it was going to be super. Upon arriving at the movie hall, they immediately purchased two boxes of popcorn apiece, and several different kinds of candy bars which they devoured throughout the thriller. After the show they proceeded to the ice-cream parlor where they consumed large quantities of ice cream and sauce, to the complete astonishment of the waiter and the customers.

Leaving the ice cream parlor in good spirits, with stomachs full to overflowing, they made their way homeward. Reaching home, feeling a little empty, and liking the idea of some more food, Johnny made his way toward the ice box where he found and devoured a jar of

olives, a jar of sour pickles, a quart of milk, and one-half a box of soda crackers, following it all up with a huge ham sandwich and some coke. Now he felt good and decided that he would go to bed.

After being asleep for a brief interval he woke up with a terrible pain in his stomach. He groaned and tossed and tried to suffer alone but finally, in desperation, he called his parents. They summoned the doctor, who pronounced it a case of acute appendicitis. He was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance and put immediately upon the operating table. His last thoughts were of a huge olive and pickle man, shooting at him with a celery gun, while he struggled to get away on a cracker floating on a sea of milk with Coca-Cola waves.

—MARY JUDKINS '46

Bored To Tears

Here am I, comfortably curled up in a big stuffed chair, just sitting and dreaming. I wish there was a little soft music to make everything perfect, but oh no—my brothers have the right to the radio for the next half hour. They're listening to my most hated and most boring program. If they'd only listen to a more exciting story—perhaps "Superman" or "Gang Busters", or some other program. Why did it have to be that terrible Lone Ranger program? Will I ever live through it? On and on the program clatters. "The Lone Ranger and his horse 'Gold'—or is it 'Silver'?—ride continuously for a day and a night." Say, doesn't he ever feed the animal? I'll try plugging up my ears.

Suddenly there are gun shots that practically scare me out of my wits. Then I softly hear the words: "The courageous Ranger and his faithful Indian pal, Tonto, bravely follow the thieves." Plugging my ears just won't work. Oh well, only five minutes more. Hurray! "He pulls out his six-shooter, fires, and gets one of the thieves!" Oh goodness! I almost got excited myself during that part.

Thank heaven, that story is over. Now, perhaps, I can listen to my own program. But no—suddenly my sister rushes through the liv-

ing room to the radio and mutters something about missing the first part of the news. Oh well, your turn next, Phyllis. Then, perhaps, you can listen to the music you had hoped for, about a half hour ago.

—PHYLLIS CORO '46

The Bear, The Pear And I

*The big black bear
Was eating a pear
That had just dropped
from
a
tree.*

*The big black bear
Didn't like the pear
So he rolled it
over
to
me.*

*When the big black bear
Saw me with the pear
He was as angry as
he
could
be.*

*So the big black bear
And me with the pear
Went a-waltzing
'round
the
tree.*

—BARBARA JUDKINS '48

"Canoeing"

*The new, red canoe comes gliding out,
From beneath a low hanging tree,
The paddles, dipping, rhythmically,
Are propelled by you and me.*

*Now we skim across the water,
Swaying to and fro,
The full moon peeks from behind a cloud,
And grins to see us go.*

*The evening is drawing to a close,
And we know we must not stay,
Will you not come again with me,
While we explore another bay?*

—MARY JACQUES '48

My Dog

*I have many friends who are very dear to me,
I have played with them, and worked with
them, as happy as can be.*

*But when we have a quarrel, my best pal and I,
I still have left a loyal friend who always stands
near by.*

*He lays his head upon my lap; puts his nose
into my hand,
Seems to give me a sweet look to show he
understands.*

*We've been together for many days, and years,
We've shared each want through laughter or
tears.*

*There are many friends that I'll never forget,
But my faithful dog is the best friend yet.*

—SHIRLEY VILES '49

"The First Atomic Bomb"

Once upon a time there was a little boy who was different from all the other little boys in the neighborhood. While they were playing cops and robbers, he was always at home playing with his chemistry set. Seeing his boyish interest and thinking that some day he might become a famous scientist, his parents gave him bigger and better sets. Alas! Little did they know of the terrible plot which their son eventually had in mind. As many other scientists had been before him, he was influenced by the devil.

What was this evil that had eaten its way into his diseased mind? I dare not tell because, I am sorry to say, this idea has entered the minds of many other little boys but they have rejected the idea as being too dangerous if not impossible. They have not dwelt upon it night after night until it became an obsession which filled every minute of their lives. Finally the time had come for his dire purpose: as he pressed a button, his mission was completed. The next day the astounding news spread rapidly. Our boy scientist had become the hero of every boy in the town. *He had blown up the schoolhouse.*

Not a trace was there to show where the

building had been; not a trace was there to be found of our hero, either. But he had died in vain. The building was rebuilt, bigger than before.

This event should be a lesson to all other little boys. They should always remember that if they try to blow up the schoolhouse, they will certainly come to a bad end.

—WALTER ELA '46

Aunt Agatha

Aunt Agatha hardly dared open her eyes when she awoke. What if the sun should be shining on the white, sparkling snow! It would surely give her a headache and it might also fade the chintz on the chair by the living room window. Oh dear! What if it was cloudy! It was so cold and dreary when there was no sun, and that would mean it was going to storm. What terrible things happened when it stormed! Planes crashed, cars ran into trains and into each other, and pedestrians were run over and injured. So many people were killed! At last she opened her eyes to a nice, bright January day. What if it was cold? What if the pipes were frozen? What if the furnace wouldn't work?

Out of bed she jumped, then halted. Wouldn't it be awful if she should fall and break her arm? She made her way cautiously to the radiator which was warm, and doing a good job heating the room. In the kitchen she found the coal fire had kept nicely and the pipes were not frozen. Peering at the thermometer through the window, she saw that it was 25 degrees above zero. Immediately Aunt Agatha started worrying about what the weather would be at night. For she has never learned that all these things are seldom as bad as one expects them to be.

—BEVERLY PAINE '49

Camp Is Fun

"Camp is fun." At least, that's what they told me.

"You'll have a wonderful time and come back happy and rested."

But don't you believe it. Maybe I went to

the wrong camp. When I arrived, I had to put all my luggage away, make my bed and sweep the cabin floor because I got it dusty, moving things around. My bed was in a corner of the cabin across which was a stick that served as a place to hang clothes. The peculiar thing about this contrivance was that it was inclined to fall down on my face at any hour that I happened to be reclining upon my bed of ease.

Sometime before supper, I learned that I was supposed to wait on tables. By the time I arrived at the mess hall, the girls were already setting tables. The counselor in charge asked me where I'd been and if I thought I was a privileged character. By the time I'd assured her that I was just an ordinary individual, she acted as if she didn't feel well. During supper the waitress sits at the left of the counselor. The girls said that the supper was delicious but I didn't have time to find out. First, we ran out of milk, then bread, then butter, next someone left the cover of the salt shaker unscrewed and I had to go and replenish the supply of saline ingredient. After supper was over I thought my arduous duties were over, but no, I was told to clean the table and sweep the floor.

The next day I had to do K. P. We peeled potatoes and peeled potatoes. Every few minutes the cook would come out and tell us to hurry up.

On the third day I was on "clean-up" for the grounds. We had to go over the whole camp site, pick up paper and rubbish, and do various other back-breaking jobs.

The task I'd been dreading came next, that of washing dishes. In a large camp there are more dishes than you can count, and they get all of them dirty.

The next day was a glorious one, and the most pleasant that I spent in camp. I could rest! I didn't have to do anything! That is, I didn't have to do anything unless it was the day we cleaned the toilets.

Camp is fun if you remember the swimming, boating, hikes, campfires, folk dancing, crafts, and canteen. But if you remember the

other things that I have told you about, you feel sort of tired.

—KATHERINE ELA '47

"My Brother"

When I get up in the morning, I call my brother.

He answers, "Yep, coming. Hey, what time is it?"

I say, "Time to get up!"

About a half hour later he comes to the kitchen, dragging one foot after the other. Finally he decides to wash up and comb his hair. Talk about girls primping!! After all those glossy waves are just right, he decides to eat. He consumes his breakfast in about half an hour. Then it's about ten minutes past eight. He hustles and bustles around, trying to get ready for school, with only twenty minutes for a good long walk to school before the bell rings.

He arrives at school at twenty-nine minutes past eight, takes off his cap, one mitten, one overshoe, and lays down his books just as the bell rings. He goes to the classroom to take his seat with his one mitten, one overshoe, and one jacket still on. He gives Phyllis or me a slap with the ruler as he goes on to class.

During the recitation Mr. Merrill asks him which is heavier, a ton of iron or a ton of feathers. He answers, "A ton of iron, of course." Mr. Merrill says, "Oh, Briggs, you're hopeless!"

As Briggs is sitting patiently the last few minutes of class he thinks to himself:

"Well, it won't be long now before I can take my jacket, overshoe, and mitten off." The bell rings and class is dismissed. Briggs makes a dash for the door, runs into one of the teachers, and knocks the books out of her hand. He then has a good game of "pick-up".

Out in the hall, he gets his overshoe off, just as John calls out, "Come on, Briggs, let's go over to Mr. Abbott's room."

On the way, as they get to fooling, John pushes Briggs in the snowbank. John picks him up, puts him over his shoulder, and so to Mr. Abbott's room they go.

Downstairs, they find Mr. Abbott gone, so in order to pass the time, they start throwing pencils and rulers at each other. While Briggs is hunting for some more pencils to throw he spies a glass of water on Mr. Abbott's desk. He throws the water at John, and gets his shirt soaking wet.

For this kind act, John takes Briggs' jacket off and ducks him into the snow. The ensuing chilly and icy clamminess about the neck and ears does not please him very much.

Anyway, he got his overshoes, jacket, and mittens off!

—REBECCA BRIGGS '47

Thinking

*Sometimes I sit a thinking
of people, far away;
I wonder what they do
throughout the livelong
day:
I think of all the service-
men who've fought
their way through battle,
Going cold and hungry,
like a herd of long lost
cattle.*

*I think of all the ships that
sail upon the wide blue
sea,
Of sailorboys, so brave and true,
who died for you and me.
I think of all the folks back
home, who worked in the
U. S. A.
They did their part for Uncle
Sam in the true
American way.*

—MIRIAM SKILLINGS

The Lost Is Found

"Gosh, I wish I could find it!" These words came from a freckle faced boy of nine, who had just lost a nickel that his mother had given him for a soda. His tousled hair was red; hence his nickname "Red".

"What ya' lost, kid?" asked Ernie, his friend.

"I lost my nickel. My Mom gave it to me for a soda. Will ya' he'p me hunt for it? Will ya' Ernie?" asked Red, getting desperate.

"My mother gave me a nickel too, an' if we can find yours, maybe Janie and Ruth will help us drink 'um." said Ernie.

They hunted and hunted but they did not find Red's coin. The two boys trudged wearily homeward. When they came to Red's house, his mother came out to meet them.

"Where have you been? I have been looking everywhere for you," she asked in a laughing way. "Did you spend your nickel?"

"No," said Red. "I lost it."

"I know," replied his mother. "When you put it into your pocket, it fell right down through. You must have a hole in your pocket."

Red then got his nickel from the shelf in the house and the two boys went happily down the road towards the store.

—C. BERRY '49

My First Experience As A Sailor

The angry waves rolled over our deck while the wind howled about the mast. Our crew was desperately trying to keep the frail "St. Anne" afloat. At the instant a deafening roar of thunder, followed by a blinding flash of lightning came, the mast split. All hope for our survival died. As the chaplain came to the middle of the deck, the men gathered around him in prayer. His strong clear voice rose in prayer above the crash and roar of the storm. Suddenly our ship gave a great lurch and we were thrown into the water in the path of an enormous wave.

"Hurry with your bath, Junior. It's time for bed," came an impatient voice.

"Oh gee!" muttered Junior, "just another dream in the bathtub!"

—MARY JACQUES '48

Cows

All of the cows that I have ever seen give milk at some time in their lives or they aren't real cows. Those that are not cows come under either of the following classes: bulls, steers, calves, heifers or what have you. Most cows are equipped with four legs, one mouth, two

eyes, and a long tail that really stings when you are slapped across the face with it.

Every morning you have to feed grain in and pull milk out. Some cows give a full pail of milk, some give half a pail and some don't give any at all. When you get them milked, they kick over the milk pail and that makes you darn mad.

If you don't get up and feed and milk them the same time every morning, they will drive you crazy until you do feed them. You may not believe it but all this has to be done fourteen times a week.

Each spring you have to build fences and all summer you have to chase cows. But I have an air rifle that makes them dance when they start feeling frisky.

When you do try to milk them and do them a good turn they try to see how close they can come to you without quite hitting you with their dirty feet. They almost always do hit you and can knock you a yard or so. I always say, "Kick them before they kick you and you won't get hurt by their big feet."

—ELDON McLEAN '48

We Girls!

*'Twas the night before Sunday,
And all thru' the house,
Mother and I hunted madly,
For my white satin blouse.*

*Mother in her housecoat,
And I, wrapped in mine,
Dashed wildly about,
That darned blouse to find.*

*When out in the dooryard,
There arose such a shout,
I flew to the door way,
To say I'd be right out.*

*The sun setting in the west,
Was unnoticed by me,
I rushed up the stair way
Where on a hanger, my blouse I did
see!*

*On our way to the movies, at last,
I relaxed with a sigh,
While mother said, "Maybe you'll
Learn to remember, by and by."*

—BEVERLY PAINE '49

"I'll Be Seeing You"

Lieutenant Wayne Kingsley was standing in the depot waiting for the train. The small building was crowded with service men and their families. Watching them bid each other goodbye, Wayne felt one moment of sadness, but he shrugged it off, saying, "No, this is the way I want it. I don't believe in having parents and friends crying as you leave. That memory stays with you always. I want to come to the station alone, get on the train and be gone."

Glancing once more around the station, his eyes rested on the large clock at the end of the rectangular room. Ten minutes more!! Walking over to the jute box he put in a nickel and pushed the first button. The haunting strains of "I'll Be Seeing You" filled the room.

Wayne thought then of his mother with her grey hair, and red, jolly face. He thought of her last words to him. He hadn't paid much attention at the time. Yet, they were nearly the same as those in the song! Just then a train whistle broke into his reverie. He rushed to the phone booth and dialed a number. As a voice came from the other end of the wire, he said, "Hello, Mom? The train just pulled in so I have to hurry, but I had to tell you once more before leaving that I love you. Don't worry, Mom. Remember that no matter what happens, 'I'll Be Seeing You'."

With these words he put the receiver back on the hook and rushed out, grabbed his bags, and jumped aboard the slowly moving train. When Wayne reached his base in California, he and his buddies were shipped out immediately. Where they were going they did not know, but one thing was certain, they would see plenty of action.

On Bougainville they were the first company to land. Their next action was at Iwo. Then, after weeks of waiting word came for them to start for Japan. By this time the boys were all tired and lonely. Wayne had been one of the lucky ones. Even though he had been on the front line, he hadn't received a scratch.

At the landing on Japan a jeep overturned, giving Wayne a glancing blow beside the head

as it did so. When he regained consciousness he was aboard ship. The many men gathered around seemed strangers to him. He had lost his memory.

The ship returned to New York. During his leave Wayne found a job in a factory there. Three years passed and he was again returning to New York, from the Orient, aboard a freighter.

Meanwhile in Wayne's home town his mother was very ill. The doctor turned from her bedside and wiped the perspiration from his face. During that second, Mrs. Kingsley died with her son's name on her lips.

At the same time on high sea a freighter caught fire. Nothing could be done, for the fire had too great a start. A young man stumbled on to the deck and stood looking at the sky. Suddenly he smiled and said, "Don't worry, Mom, I'm coming". And in a whisper he added, "I'll Be Seeing You."

—MARY JACQUES '48

Analytical Johnny

I have a neighbor who is one of the best information centers that ever was under one head. His actions are normal and his sense of humor very keen. Do you know how John gets his information about every person in school? His method is so simple that most people overlook it. From what I have observed I think I have learned his valuable secret.

The first thing for me to expose is his uncanny knowledge of his friends. He jokes with them humorously and finds out their interests; what they like to do, whom they like, what they are most usually seen doing, and enjoying. He works so smoothly that he is capable of finding out what he wants to know from the person himself and right under his nose.

After studying a bit he can tell what a person is going to do, just from a word slipped accidentally by the person himself.

It would be hard to forget how he made Miss Hight tell of her adventure tying up three boys' scarfs. It happened sometime in the first period on a Wednesday morning. The hands of a couple of students of A. A. tempted by the

devil were all that were needed to do it. All three promised not to tell who did it. John being one of the sufferers who had a nice time untying his scarf, did not say much and I, not being able to find mine, was merely told I would find mine soon. Of course I was inquisitive so I found that three persons were involved in it. Were we getting anywhere? Not much. That was just what they wanted.

Then John decided we would just spy and keep still. Johnny being the kind to get around without being noticed, at last discovered another person with Miss Hight and Bruce Paine. The three were no longer mysterious scarf-tyers. Walter, being the other scarf victim, agreed with us in everything we said or did.

Johnny decided he would use his knowledge on the three to find out, so this is how he worked.

He had watched Miss Hight's actions during the school year and he had decided she would be the best one to get to tell us who did it.

Telling me to agree with him and Walter, he said we would blame it on Miss Hight and say that Bruce had told us so. Boy! That started things going. Bruce said he didn't tell us. Then John, Pop, and I would tell Bruce that he could stop pretending because it wouldn't do any good. Of course Miss Hight thought Bruce told us because we could not have known any other way. She came right out with it after Bruce got mad and left the room.

This made John's knowledge of Miss Hight show up so he told her we didn't know who did it and that was our way of finding out.

I don't think this will help John from knowing what you students of A. A. do, because he has one more year to pester you all and Johnny knows how to do it.

—ERNEST MOODY '46

Junior: "Mama, do people that lie ever go to Heaven?"

Mother: "Why, of course not, Junior."

Junior: "Gee, I bet it's awful lonesome up there with only God and George Washington."

Editorial

The majority of students at Anson Academy feel that the time has come when some badly needed improvements must be made in our school in order for the students to obtain the maximum benefit from Anson Academy. We have watched many new things develop and it has opened our eyes to the fact there are many more things we could do to make this a better school and we are wholly behind every idea to promote improvement.

We have given this much thought and consideration and have chosen a few items that come before our eyes daily that we wish to discuss. It would take but one day for anybody to sit at our desks in the main room of the school for them to be convinced that these seats are inadequate, unsanitary, uncomfortable, badly broken, and all repairs have been made that can be made; desk tops are cracked so that writing is fairly impossible, seats are cracked, some backs are broken, and rounds are gone. We have been unable to find out just how old these seats are, but we feel that they had served their usefulness long ago. To make it clear that we are not biased on the question, our State Supervisor of Secondary Education visited our school this spring and made similar comments.

It is our desire to promote dramatics and public speaking in our school hall and, with the few seats which do not number enough to seat our student body, we can not accommodate our spectators without borrowing chairs from community buildings. This not only means much time and effort, but some organizations do not want to lend their seats to the Academy as often as we need them. The few old seats and settees that we have are badly broken and worn out, and, with the reinforcement that the industrial arts classes have given them, they did not hold. Although the North Anson Reel Co. and the Beaver Wood Products Co. have been very generous with their trucks to transport chairs, we know that we have inconvenienced them many times.

We have the paint to redecorate the interior of Academy Hall and we are in hopes that a

way can be found to do this painting soon to cover the present shabby appearance.

We have a room on the north side of our school building that could be made into an attractive and much needed library. This room is accessible to all other rooms in the building without passing through any other room. We have a small number of books, mostly reread many times, magazines that have been donated by interested townspeople, and the school has bought a few monthly magazines which the students enjoy very much. We would like to have the walls refinished, attractive draperies, new books and book shelves, a set of modern encyclopaedias, a few comfortable chairs, and a good reading table in this room. Many of our students are obliged to come to school early in the morning. Such a room would encourage many students to enjoy good literature and also serve as a pleasant room to prepare their daily work.

Recently we have tried to improve our general appearance outside our buildings. Students have been very cooperative in keeping off the lawns, keeping waste paper cleaned up, and they are very anxious for the impression of visitors to be that we want our Academy to be attractive. Our lawns need new topsoil and to be seeded and rolled and some shrubbery set out around the buildings. We have no outdoor flag and flag pole which would give us great pride to see on our school grounds. Our walks and driveways need to be levelled and cemented to prevent muddy and rough conditions and to add to the appearance of our grounds.

We all enjoy and appreciate the efforts already made on our athletic field and are in hopes that this field can be made smoother and enlarged so that we can play baseball on our own school grounds. We are trying to revive baseball at Anson Academy without an adequate field for playing our home games. We have outdoor backboards to be put up in the field as soon as the ground can be made smooth enough to prevent injuries.

As a student body we are very anxious to promote improvements at Anson Academy and we ask the cooperation of everybody to assist us in obtaining our goals.

Basketball Banquet

The members of the Anson Academy basketball teams were honored Friday night, March 15, at the second annual basketball banquet. A delicious baked ham dinner was served by the girls of the home economics classes under the able direction of Miss Elsie Hight, home economics instructor. Mark L. Pullen, president of the Board of Trustees of the Academy, acted as toastmaster. Included at the head table were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Pullen, Mr. and Mrs. William Mansfield, Rev. T. Albert Lawrence, Principal and Mrs. Robert B. Merrill, Miss Frances Jackson, Dwight Gould, Ernest Moody, and Miss Katherine Ela.

The program opened with a prayer by Rev. T. Albert Lawrence of the North Anson Congregational Church followed by the singing of the first verse of "America". Between the serving of the courses, group singing was enjoyed under the direction of Miss Alice Richardson, music supervisor, with Mrs. E. O. Judkins at the piano. Rev. Lawrence also contributed a vocal selection to the singing.

Following the banquet, the captain of the girls' team, Katherine Ela, was introduced, who made a few remarks about her team. In closing, Miss Ela presented a gift, in behalf of the members of the basketball teams, to Miss Hight and then called upon Muriel Dunphy, a teammate, who presented a gift to Miss Jackson, coach of the girls' team. Ernest Moody, captain of the boys' team, spoke next, making a few remarks concerning the boys' team and thanking the townspeople for their support of the school's basketball teams. In closing, he presented a gift to Mr. Merrill from the members of the boys' team.

Miss Frances Jackson, coach of the girls' basketball team, presented varsity basketball letters to the following girls: Katherine Ela, Blanche Mullin, Muriel Dunphy, Rebecca Briggs, Lelia Newell, Mary Judkins, Dorris Skillings, Muriel Moody, and Ruth Newell. Miss Jackson also introduced next year's captain-elect, Muriel Dunphy. Muriel was also elected most valuable player of the current season by the popular vote of the members of

the girls' team and was presented a gold basketball as a token of this honor.

Mr. Merrill, coach of the boys' team, stated that he felt that the town's support of the school athletic program was far above average of the other towns of equal size. He then presented varsity basketball letters to the following boys: Walter Ela, Chester Briggs, Ernest Moody, Warren Bessey, Ralph Manzer, Merle Skillings, John Young, and Bruce Paine. Following the presentation of the letters, Mr. Merrill announced Chester Briggs as captain-elect for the 1947 season and that Walter Ela was elected by the boys' team as its most valuable player for the 1946 season, who received a gold basketball as a token of this honor.

Following a few remarks by Mr. Pullen, the toastmaster, he then introduced Col. "Bill" Mansfield, retired Army officer and former coach at Winslow High School, who turned out several state championship teams while at the Winslow institution. Col. Mansfield told several interesting stories regarding his experiences while on combat duty in the South Pacific as well as giving some highlights of his coaching career.

The banquet was then adjourned by Mr. Pullen and a dance was enjoyed by all present with music by Ted King and his orchestra.

The tables were decorated in maroon and white, the school colors, with candles, flowers, and all the accessories. Waitresses wore white aprons decorated in maroon. Place cards were in the form of paper basketballs. The appearance of the hall and the whole affair suggested a great deal of hard work on the parts of all concerned.

Assisting in the preparing and serving of the banquet, in addition to Miss Hight, Miss Pullen, and the members of the teams, were the following students of the school: Phyllis Coro, Florence Coro, Betty Petty, Eleanor Ketchum, Mary Jacques, Sadie Lightbody, Shirley Viles, Ruth Buzzell, Carmen Whitaker, Rose Bessey, Evangeline Manzer, Lillian Young, Lucile Berry, Edith Spencer, Wilma Hartwell, Dorothy Allen, and Katherine Turcotte.

The banquet was adjudged highly successful

by all those present and paid a fitting tribute to the members of the basketball teams. The students and faculty of the school are appreciative to all of those who contributed to the success of the occasion.

"Women"

*All women are funny,
All women are strange,
But don't hurt their feelings
Although they're to blame.*

*They dress like the boys,
They comb out their curls;
Why shouldn't we wonder
If they are girls?*

*They like to tell jokes,
They like to have fun,
But they seem to like boys,
Every darn one.*

*They wear their slacks
Right under their dresses,
And Mom starts saying,
"Oh my, what messes!"*

*"But, Mom," cries the girls,
Other girls do it, too,
"Do you want to catch cold
Walking to school?"*

*Just ask the boys,
If you want advice,
And they'll all tell you,
It doesn't look nice.*

*Put on thick stockings,
Or just wear plain slacks;
And bring your dress folded
Up neatly in packs.*

*Then change in the girls room
And primp up, real nice,
But don't come with both on;
It doesn't look right.*

*Now girls, don't get angry,
Though you all are to blame;
'Cause in all other place
It's always the same.*

—ERNEST MOODY '46

Such Silly Boys

One hot summer day, Dick Whitaker sat on his front porch, thinking of what a good time the girls must be having on their camp-

ing trip, and wondering why he couldn't get a bunch of boys together and go on a camping trip, too. He thought and thought about it, and suddenly he had a bright idea.

That afternoon he went to Eldon's house and asked him to go on a camping trip with him. Eldon said, "Boy, would I like to go. That's the brightest idea you've had for a long time."

Then Eldon and Dick went to Leroy's, Jimmy's, Merle's, and Ralph's houses, and they all said they would like to go, too. They decided that Monday would be a good day to start.

Monday morning came, and the boys started to pack. Merle said, "Don't pack up too much stuff, because it will be too heavy to carry." Dick said, "The girls took so much that they had to have a car to go in."

"Will we show those girls that they aren't the only ones who can go on a camping trip," added Merle.

Monday afternoon the boys started out. Jimmy had several blankets tied on his back, and five or six frying pans tied to his belt, so that every time he stepped the pans made a sound like several cowbells. The boys wanted to be sure not to lose him. Dick had a big mattress fastened to his back. He said he wasn't going to sleep on the cold, hard ground, and catch another cold. Eldon had two baskets each one full of food, and his pockets were full of eggs. He claimed he wasn't going to go hungry. Since ten or eleven boards weren't very heavy, Ralph and Leroy could carry them all right. The boards were to go under the mattress. As far as the work goes, Merle did the heavy looking on.

They finally came to a place on the bank of a brook which they thought would be as good a place as any to set up their camp. The brook was rather wide and deep, and led into the Kennebec. They fried some eggs and bacon for supper, and went to bed. Somehow, the boys all managed to get on the mattress with the boards under it.

During the night there was a heavy rain, but the boys had worked so hard getting their supper that they slept right through it.

Tuesday morning, the people living along the

Kennebec river were startled to see a group of boys floating down the river on a mattress with some boards under them. But the boys knew nothing about this perilous journey, for they were all sleeping soundly.

—LUCILLE BERRY '48

Visions

*The earth was still, and far away;
Two lonely soldiers knelt to pray,
And, as they prayed, the dark, dim past
Slid softly by, but oh, so fast.
They caught a glimpse of lover's lane
And moonbeams, shining bright,
And echoes of the songs they'd sang
While walking through the night.
They caught a glimpse of mother,
Whose sweet, but tired face,
Seemed to haunt their favorite dreams
And to follow them every place.
Soon these visions all had passed,
And their hearts once more were calm;
The past was not an open wound,
But instead, a soothing balm.*

—IVA MOULTON '48

Two Miracles

Sue didn't quite know what to do. Her sister needed to go to the hospital for an operation and it would cost a lot of money. She would have to stop school to help around the house and maybe, get a small part-time job so her mother could work all day. Oh, how she hated to leave school yet, the next day, she told her mother what she would have to do to help.

"Oh, Sue, you mustn't," complained her invalid sister, Bets, "I can get along without the operation."

"Yes, you could, but since the doctor says there is a chance for you to walk again, we must try it, even though it would cost a lot. Anyway, I don't mind working to earn more money. I can go to school later," Sue answered, encouragingly.

"All right, but isn't there something I could do?" inquired Bets.

Her mother was the one to reply, "Yes, there is, Bets. You could make things to sell,

like pins, embroidery, stuffed dolls and many other novelties."

"Oh, mother, that is a wonderful idea," exclaimed Sue. "We could buy the things we need for making and sell them for more. We could get quite a lot of money, after all."

"Then, that is what I'll do. When shall I start? Now?" asked Bets.

"Yes, Sue, run down street and get the necessary materials so Bets can start."

After the meal was over, and the dishes washed and dried, Sue went downstreet to get the things Bets would need for her sewing. On her way she approached a sign which read: "YOUNG GIRL WANTED TO KEEP COMPANY WITH ELDERLY LADY. APPLY AT REDWOOD MANSION. GOOD PAY."

At this Sue's heart jumped. She proceeded on to the Redwood Mansion. At the door, Sue was a bit scared. Maybe she wouldn't want—the sentence wasn't finished.

"I mustn't think that," thought Sue. At that moment the door opened and there stood a small, kind faced lady in a tidy black dress. Her hair was of silver gray.

"H-h-hello," stammered Sue. "I-I came to see about the job. You know, the one down street on the poster."

The lady smiled. "Yes. Won't you come in?"

"This is heavenly," thought Sue as she entered. "I should like very much to live in a huge house like this."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the lady saying, "You would like the job? But don't you attend school?"

"Oh, yes, but I wanted the job for my sister, if you would take an invalid. She has a wheel chair and is very entertaining. Oh, I just know you would like her!" Sue exclaimed, feeling more at home.

"Does she go to school," inquired the lady.

"No, she has books of arithmetic, and others I have brought her. I have taught her also other things she would have been taught at school."

"How old is she and what is her name?" asked the lady.

"Betsy Winters. We call her Bets. She is

thirteen now, but in three more days she has a birthday," answered Sue promptly.

Then the old lady smiled and said, "I will see, but first I would like to see her and talk with her personally before I decide. You see, there are times when I cannot go out because of my health. I would like to have someone to talk with, someone I like, and my maid is busy most of the time so she can't be my companion."

"Yes, I see. Would you have to have her stay with you all day and at night?" asked Sue wonderingly.

"Yes, I would like her here all the time and into the summer. Next winter I am going south because the doctor says I cannot stand the cold. Then I wouldn't need her as much," answered the lady.

Then, at the mention of doctors, Sue thought, "Oh dear, the operation. I will have to tell her about that so she won't expect Bets all the time."

Sue told the lady about the operation and why she needed the job for her sister. The lady then said, "Bring over Bets and the things she is making. I may buy some."

Lifted in spirits, Sue went out into the cool air and was walking slowly home, deep in thought. As she entered her home, she heard a masculine voice. Whose was it? Hadn't she heard it many a time before? Of course, it was Bill's. Rushing into the room, she cried, "Bill! Oh, it's good to see you back!"

"You, too, baby. Where have you been. I have been sitting here for an hour and nobody knows where you went."

"Yes, where have you been?" cried Bets.

"I would have come earlier if I had known you would be home," then adding, "I have a place for you, Bets, with enough pay for you to have the operation," she continued. She told them all about securing the new job.

"Swell! You won't have to leave school and the sooner you get through——" said Bill, "but now we are all happy except me. Mrs. Winters, may I borrow Sue for awhile? We haven't had a moment alone."

Sue gave her mother a look and Mrs. Win-

ters said, "Well, yes, I guess so, but behave yourselves."

They both said an absent-minded "yes", and went out into the night, looking at each other.

—BARBARA JUDKINS '48

Life Is What You Make It

Once in a large, busy city, Miss Bryce, a welfare worker, was notified of the poverty of two motherless girls, who, with their father, lived in a squalid tenement house in the slums and who were left alone during the day while their father walked the streets hunting for work. The helper sent to investigate the matter, found the tenement house, climbed a flight of dirty, rickety stairs to the second floor, and approached the door, which, she had been told, opened into the room where the two girls lived. Hearing childish voices, she stopped to listen to what they were saying.

"Had you rather have some tender, broiled chicken or some juicy beefsteak?"

"I prefer the beefsteak."

"Would you care for some of this ripe, luscious fruit?"

"Oh yes, thank you."

Thereupon, the woman said to herself, "If they can dine like this, why was I ever sent here?" She returned to the welfare office and related what she had overheard.

Soon, however, the office was again notified of the plight of the two girls. This time Miss Bryce decided she would go herself, and get the facts of the case.

As she neared the door to the room where the girls were, she heard a conversation similar to that which her predecessor had heard. Not being satisfied, however, she opened the door and beheld two children sitting at a rough, wooden table, eating crusts of bread.

She inquired, "Are those crusts of bread all you have to eat? Where is the broiled chicken, the beefsteak, and the fruits that I heard you talking about?"

"Oh, we don't *really* have any of those things, but every day we play that we do. We break up our crusts of bread and make believe one

piece is chicken, another beefsteak, and another piece, ripe fruit."

Miss Bryce immediately saw that a large basket of fresh fruit and vegetables, and several bottles of fresh milk were sent to the girls and their father.

Later, she interviewed the father and learned that he had not had a steady job for months. Through the employment agency, she located steady work for him.

The girls were given a better home and an education with religious training. Years later, one girl became an accomplished singer and the other, a literary writer. They never forgot their father, and provided for him when he was too old to work.

—HILDA WALKER '48

Maw, Paw, And A Surprise

Time: Any late afternoon.

Place: Any place in Northern Maine.

"Supper! Supper, paw! Spit thet cud o' tobacco out and wipe thet juice off ye chin. Now, come an' eat afore everythin' gets cold. Come 'long and wash thet derved pitch off, ye gut frum thet tick ye been a whittlin' on half the day."

"By hemp, Maw! Don't a hurry me none. I gut a touch o' the rheumatics agin, and 'sides, I ain't as kinkey as I used to be, when Jim Flagg and I was a loggin' on Bald Mountin. 'Member whin we uster go forty mile on a buckboard jes' ta court you and Cora? Maw, fetch me a little hot water ifin ye wants me ter wash."

"He, He, He! Maw, do ye 'member the time Dekon Morris was a goin' 'cross the ol' muck hole after the flood?"

"Yes, Paw, I reckon he used every word in the ol' Testament. Oh, Paw, why don't ye use a little soap? All ye a doin' is makin' a mess o' mud all over ye."

"Well then, Maw, where the duce is the slippery stuff?"

"Paw, ye must be blinder a bat, 'cause it's right there afore ye eyes."

Paw, with a quick whisk of water and not

enough soap to hurt, said, "Maw, which one o' these things is the towel?"

"The one with the most dirt."

"Come, Maw, let's eat. If ye keep a putter-in' round, it will be bed time afore ye know it."

Gracious, Maw, guess these is the best vittles ye cooked since God was a cowboy."

"Paw! Stop talkin' like thet. What do ye think our little Jimmy boy would say, to hear ye a talkin' like thet about our good Lord?"

"Well, Maw, I don't care what He thinks about me, as long as He is taking care of Jimmy 'way out there in France 'er some place, a fightin' his heart out, jest ter be home ter take care of me an' you."

Maw, speaking with a sigh, "Yes, Paw, I bet he's 'way out there in one o' them wolf holes, er whatever ye call 'em. Jes' think, Paw, it don't seem only yisterday thet Jimmy woulda come a runnin' inter the house with a bunch of kids thet were wildern hawks and want somethin' to eat, then erway they'd go, to beat glory. I kin still a see him a blushin' when he brot young Sally Smith home."

"Yes, Maw. He was a dern good feet ball player, and the way he could go over a basketball floor. 'Member how the gals would a fight over him when he went to school?"

"I don't wonder, Paw. Tain't every day ye see a six feet, light haired, blue eyed feller with big, broad shoulders, and the weight to go with 'em."

"Yea, Maw. Don't ferget his big feet. I wisht he would come home afore long. Mighty lonely without him eround."

"Well, we mustn't dally, Maw, 'cause it's dark an' beginnin' ter snow. Ye gotter be gettin' the dishes washed, then a whiff o' me ol' pipe, and erway to bed, eh, Maw?"

"Yep, Paw, gotta git into gear."

"Ye know, Paw, sumpin struck me funny jes' now."

"Yes, Maw?"

"Well, ye know about thirty year ago this eve, I had the happiest feelin' that I can't explain, Paw, it was the night we was married, and just now I had thet same feelin' like somethin' great was agoin' to happen."

"Maw, ye feel all right?"

"O' course, Paw."

"Well, then let's git the table cleared off an' go to bed."

"Well, Paw, I got the dishes washed an' now I guess I will call up Cora to find out if she heard from Bill terday. Poor Cora, she worries so over him, 'f'aid he'll be captured or get hurt, meby kilt. Ye know, he was in the same company with Jimmy."

"Well, Maw, go ahead. I'll git ready fer bed. Ain't gut time fer me pipe. Too lazy."

"Hurry Maw, quit a gabbin' an' come to bed, afore ye soap stone cools off an' ye'll go to bed with cold feet. Oh, has Cora heard from Bill today?"

"Yes, Paw, a letter writ 'bout a month ago. She is so excited now 'cause he said he was expecting a furlough in a month or so."

"Night, Paw."

"Good night, Maw. This here bed sure feels good."

"Paw, what did ye do with the flashlight? Gotta have it to see if the rat traps are all set."

After the two had gone to bed with the lights all out and the fire banked, there came a rapping at the door.

"Goll dern, Maw, who could be a comin' here this time o' night? Everybody knows we go to bed early."

"We'll, Paw, stop grumblin' and go see who tis."

Paw, taking his time, walked toward the door and unlocked it. To his surprise there stood a tall young man in a uniform, with a bandage over one eye and his left arm in a sling.

Paw stood dumbfounded. He couldn't speak.

The young man asked, "Is this the home of Ezra Jackson?"

"Paw, who is it?"

"I don't know," answered Paw. By that time the young man had Paw in his one good arm.

"Pop, I am home and is it good to see you!"

When Maw heard the voice, she said, half crying, half laughing, "Oh, Jimmy boy, I knew it."

—CHESTER BRIGGS '47

Gift From France

*"Goodbye, dear mother," the tall lad said;
"I'll send you a present from France."
Onto the waiting troop train he stepped
With scarcely a backward glance.
Four long months passed
And to the mother at last,
Came a letter from her son.
"I've found no present to send you, here" he
said,
"So I'm just sending all my love."
On a blistering hot noon,
In the month of June
A package arrived for Mom.
But the joy soon died,
For on the inside
Was the Purple Heart
Which had belonged to her son.
Into the old woman's eyes,
Came an expression of dread.
And the tears, unheeded, rolled down her cheeks.
She felt that her dear boy was dead.
Then, as she slowly turned,
Her eyes met those of her son,
From a photo he stared,
And he seemed to say,
"Have courage, dear Mom,
I sent you the best gift that I had."*

—BETTY JACQUES '48



The Sunny Side



Can You Take It?

*Be not sore, if here below
You find a grind, a knock, a blow
That shows that you're not the whole show
Just grin and bear it—HERE WE GO!*

What Would Happen If:

Bruce kept quiet?
Miss Hight didn't come to school?
Sammy got mad at Florian?
Chrystelle didn't have any gum?
Speedy forgot to tell jokes?
Miriam didn't like the Navy?
Gussy came home?
Kay started accepting dates?
Miss Pullen didn't give an assignment?
Ralph lost his girls?
The two blondes in the senior class didn't get together?
Homer got mad at Dorris?
The school burned down??

"Do you want gas?" asked the dentist as he placed the patient in the chair.

"Yes," said the absent-minded professor, "About five gallons—and take a look at the oil."

Mrs. Cummings: "Now Bobby, was it you who picked all the white meat off this chicken?"

Bobby: "Well, Mom, to make a clean breast of it, I did."

"Oh Marie, je t'adore."

"Shut it yourself, you opened it."

"Here's where I cut a good figure," remarked Sammy as she sat on a broken bottle.

"Did you hear about the wooden wedding?"

"I'll bite."

"Two Poles were married."

"Do you know Art?"

"Art who?"

"Artesian."

"Sure, I know Artesian well."

Walter: "I went out with a nurse last night."

John: "Maybe your mother will let you go out without her some night."

Miss Pullen: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Herbert: "At the bottom, I guess."

"Johnny, where do you think God is this morning?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"In our bathroom," was the reply.

"Why, whatever made you think that Johnny?" asked the amazed teacher.

"'Cause just before I left I heard Pa say, 'My Lord! How long are you gonner be in there?'"

Mr. Merrill in Chemistry class: "Miss Dunphy, name a chemical element."

Sammy: "Florian (fluorine)."

Lee: "What did the fly say when he hit the windshield?"

Bruce: "I don't know—what?"

Lee: "I haven't the guts to do it again."

Mrs. Skillings: "Dorris, the canary has disappeared."

Dorris: "That's funny. It was there just now when I tried to clean it with the vacuum cleaner."

	Age	Likes	Pastime	Usually Seen	Song	Advice	Wants To Be
Phyllis Coro	Sweet	Boys	Arguing with Pop	Around the boys	"No Can Do"	Love 'em all	A flirt
Walter Ela	Instability	K. C.	Teasing	On the road to Norridgewock	"Nursie! Nursie!"	Slow down	A good boy
Mary Judkins	Sophisticated	Kenneth	Writing letters	Dreaming	"Till The End of Time"	Red means danger	A Navy wife
Ernest Moody	Old enough to know better	Miss Hight	Wolfing	In the woodshed	"Louise"	Remember New York	Marine
Muriel Moody	?	Bruce	Telling jokes	5 min. after the bell rings	"I Should Care"	Get a beau	Comedian
Blanche Mullin	Apparent	Navy	Fooling	Eyeing sailors	"Anchors Aweigh"	Love many, trust few	A wife
Bruce Paine	Mischievous	All girls	Talking	Around girls	"You're in the Army Now"	Be careful	Serious
Dorris Skillings	Diamond	Homer	Fighting with Homer	In Homer's car	"Put Your Arms Around Me Honey"	Get married	Beautician

Miss Pullen in World History class: "Now, Edith, have you your myth, fable or nursery rhyme?"

Edith: "Mary had a little lamb and the doctor fainted," turning to Eldon — "Now give me my nickel."

Our Seniors

What would happen if:

Walter was sweet (corn) instead of "pop" (corn)?

Phyllis was Blackstone instead of Phillis?

Mary was a bumpkin instead of a Judkins?

Bruce was a comfort instead of a Pain(e)?

Dorris was a comma instead of a "Dot"?

Blanche was boiling instead of Mullin?

Muriel was slow instead of "Speedy"?

Ernest was cheerful instead of Moody?

P. C.—Pretty Cute.

W. E.—Well Experienced.

D. S.—Drool, Sister.

B. M.—Better Moments.

B. P.—Big Pain.

M. J.—Many Joys.

E. M.—Energy Man.

M. M.—More and More.

A is for Academy

*Where we've gone thru the years,
We have had many laughs
And a few tears.*

B is for Blanche

*And also for Bruce,
There's always something doing
When they're on the loose.*

C is for Classes

*Which we go to in school,
Sometimes we're bad but not as a rule.*

D is for Dorris

*With her temper so mild,
When she gets mad
She really goes wild.*

E is for Elsie

*Our teacher so cute,
She may not be tall
But she sure is a beaut.*

F is for Fast
Which we seniors all are,
If we continue to be so
We shall certainly go far.

G is for the Girls
Who think they're so hot,
They're really not bad
When compared to a lot.

H is for Heaven
Where we all hope to go,
If we don't go there
We'll go down below.

I is for Insults
That we all pass around;
Don't take them serious
Or the way they sound.

J is for Juniors
All jolly and gay,
They'll take our places
When we are away.

K is for Kenneth
Who went to Castine.
When he is home
At Mary's he's seen.

L is for Lee
He's quite a guy,
With girls and teacher(s)
He's not very shy.

M is for Mary
Who lives on the hill.
It would be nice
If she would keep still.

N is for Noise
Which we usually make,
We really make enough
For the dead to awake.

O is for Others
That go from this place,
We wish them all luck
In the problems they face.

P is for Phyllis
The senior blonde,
If you ever need her
You'll find her with Dawn.

Q is for Quiet
And though we do try,
We seem to get restless
And no one knows why.

R is for Rank
We hate to get,
If we hadn't got it
We'd be here yet.

S is for Speedy
Jokes corny and good,
She would keep still
If only she could.

T is for Teachers
Some big and some small,
If it wasn't for them
We wouldn't study at all.

U is for Us
With school days all gone,
We give all of our courage
To those coming along.

V is for the Voices
You always do hear,
When in study period
The seniors appear.

W is for Walter
As tall as the sky,
He heads for Waterville
We wonder why.

X is for Xenon
Which we learned of in Chem.
It puzzles the women
But none of the men.

Y is for the years
We have joyfully spent
And to us all
A lot they have meant.

Z is for zeal
And zebra too
We'll stick to the zeal
The zebra's for you.

Movies Now Showing At A. A.

"Wonder Man"	Mr. Merrill
"Incendiary Blonde"	Phyllis
"Kiss and Tell"	Ruth B.
"Anchors Aweigh"	Blanche
"Thousand and One Nights"	Homework
"Love Letters"	Mary and Ken
"Call of the Wild"	Wolves of A. A.
"Three Caballeros"	Pop, Lee and Bruce
"The Big Noise"	Eldon

"Can't Help Singing"	Skilly
"Cassanova Brown"	Erwin
"The Conspirators"	Ralph and Warren
"Crime Inc."	Junior High boys
"Delightfully Dangerous"	Lee
"Fighting Lady"	Dorris
"Gang's All Here"	Senior class
"Going My Way"	Nites after dancing school
"Lost In A Harem"	Bruce
"Music For Millions"	Band of A. A.
"No Time For Love"	John
"Pin-up Girl"	????????
"It's In The Bag"	Basketball team
"Something For The Boys"	Phyllis
"Sensations of 1946"	Seniors
"Step Lively"	Girls' basketball team
"Take It or Leave It"	Ranks
"Thin Man Goes to Town"	Pop
"Those Endearing Young Charms"	Freshmen
"Thrill Of a Romance"	Shirley and Warren
"Where Do We Go From Here"	Seniors

Class Of '46 Census

Number married	0
Divorced	0
Number engaged	1
Resigned	3
Number who have never flunked	0
Contemplating further study for degrees	4
Brunettes	0
Blondes	2
Converts	0
Wolves	8
Lambs	0
Favorite poison:	
Alcohol	1
Chance	7
Favorite reading:	
Funny papers	8
Novels	0
Interior decoration:	
Modernistic	8
Upholstery:	
Overstuffed	2
Dieting	6
Economic data:	
Independent	7
Parasitic	1

Dearest ambition:	
Money	4
Love	3
Fame	1
Long life	0
Most popular member of class	Phyllis
Most athletic:	
Boy	Pop
Girl	Blanche
Most jolly	Bruce
Most romantic	Lee
Most generous	Blanche
Most all-round scholar	Pop
Most all-round person	Dorris
Biggest sense of humor	Muriel

Classified Ads of A. A.

Wanted—Ken to come home. *Mary.*
For Sale—One black curly headed male, in good condition. *Dorris.*
Wanted—Madison nearer. *Lee.*
Found—Humor in Miss Pullen. *Seniors.*
Lost—One shoe—Last seen in Main Room during English class. *Dorris.*
Wanted—Scores in basketball. *Mr. Merrill.*
For Sale—All that we know. *Seniors.*
Needed—More arguments. *French Class.*
Wanted—More books. *Hilda.*
For Sale—Frozen radiators. *Janitor.*
To Swap—Basketball suits for service uniforms. *Lee and Pop.*
For Sale—Manager's job. *Bruce.*
Wanted—Ladies and gentlemen. *Miss Pullen.*
Needed—Better conditions under which to study. *Sophomore girls.*
Wanted—More men. *Maxine.*
Needed—Bus service from North Anson to Waterville. *Pop.*
Found—Certain articles in boys' shower room. Can be had by proving ownership. *Mr. Abbott.*
Lost—A freshman boy who moved away. *Florence.*
Found—An interest in a certain girl. *John.*
Wanted—Compliments. *Sophomores.*
For Sale—Second hand books. *Alverna.*

Van Johnson of A. A.

Eyes	Sherman
Teeth	Ralph
Legs	Pop
Wink	Eldon
Hair	Teddy
Hercules build	John
Way with girls	Lee
Temper	Teddy
Voice	Merle
Ears	Bruce
Dimples	Mr. Abbott
Complexion	Erwin
Personality	Dick
Sportsmanship	Pop
One woman complex	Pop
Ability to dance	Lee
Sense of humor	John
Good companionship	Bruce

You Will Know Them By Their:

Popularity	Miss Hight
Primping	Miriam
Weight	Mr. Abbott
Walk	Kay
Bow legs	Jimmy
Hair	Phyllis
Dimples	Teddy
Temper	Dorris
Chewing gum	Chrystelle
Size	Alverna
Teasing	Johnny
Flirting	Skilly
Noise	Eldon

Jest In Time

In the good old days, a king and queen were so fond of their court jester that they often had him as their sole dinner guest. On one occasion the jester asserted, "An apology can be worse than an insult."

"Either you prove that," remarked the king, "or I'll have you beheaded."

After dinner his Royal Highness leaned over to pet his spaniel. Wham! The jester landed a lusty kick on the royal pants, then quickly cried, "Pardon me, sir, I thought you were the queen."

Betty Grable Of A. A.

Eyes	Miss Hight
Teeth	Becky
Mouth	Betty J.
Hands	Beverly
Feet	Mary
Figure	Katherine
Nose	Mary
Hair	Ruth B.
Eyebrows	Betty J.
Legs	Christie
Complexion	Ruth N.
Fingernails	Dorris
Smile	Florence
Temper	Dorris
Walk	Sadie
Wink	Ruth B.
Dimples	Frances
Personality	Phyllis
Sportsmanship	Katherine
Way with boys	Blanche
One man complex	Mary
Sense of humor	Muriel M.

Class of '46 Favorites

Movie — "Going My Way".
 Poet — Longfellow.
 Actor — Gary Cooper.
 Actress — Greer Garson.
 Waltz — Missouri Waltz.
 Season — Spring.
 Sport — Basketball.
 Pastime — Fooling.
 Magazine — Reader's Digest.
 Orchestra — Harry James.
 Singer (male) — Bing Crosby.
 Singer (female) — Dinah Shore.
 Jitterbug — Darktown Strutter's Ball.
 Expression — Hubba! Hubba! Hubba!
 Song Writer — Irving Berlin.
 Newspaper — Bangor Daily News.
 Study — Chemistry.

Songs At A. A.

The Night is Young — Saturday nights.
Sunday, Monday or Always — Sammy.
There Must Be A Way — Jimmy.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling — Betty J.
Come To Baby Do — Teddy.
Blonde Sailor — Blanche.
Gonna Love That Guy — Florence Coro.
I'm Beginning To See The Light — Pop.
Thinking Tonight of my Blue Eyes — Blanche.
Mr. Five By Five — Mr. Abbott.
I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night — Alverna.
A Kiss Goodnight — Ernest.
In The Mood — Miriam.
Too Bad Little Girl, Too Bad — Becky.
It's The Talk Of The Town — Ruth B.
You're The One — Becky and Skilly.
You'll Never Know — Students of A. A.
Take It Easy — Miss Pullen.
I'm Walking The Floor Over You — Junior High.
Personality — Mr. Merrill.
Always — Mary and Kenneth.
For Me And My Gal — Warren.
Night And Day — Maxine.
In The Valley — Florence.
Just a'Setting And a'Rocking — Speedy.
Forgive Me One More Time — Ralph.
Don't Sweetheart Me — Bruce.
It's A Gand Night For Singing — June 6.
Shame On You — Freshman.
Wait And See — Bruce.
Good! Good! Good! — Girls of A. A.
There I've Said It Again — Teachers of A. A.
An Apple For The Teacher — Boys of P. D.
The Little Red Schoolhouse — Anson Academy.
It's Love, Love, Love — Francis and Eldon.
Pretty Kitty Blue Eyes — Phyllis.

Gossip Column

Did you know that Shirley and Warren fight so that they can make up?

We have noticed that a tall sophomore girl is never lonesome on basketball trips. We have also noticed that it's never the same one.

Last fall it was noticed that a certain senior used to go parking in a great big field. That is all right but why did they have the doors of the black convertible locked?

We wonder how long Phyllis will keep her bet with Bruce.

They need a new watchman over at the stacker and would like to know if Sammy would like a job.

Why does Johnny wear out so much shoe leather running back and forth between the school buildings?

Why doesn't Bruce go with any girls? Can it be that he's afraid of being teased?

Why does a certain basketball player want to get a basket in a game. Are kisses that important?

And we also wonder why a sophomore girl is always minding other people's business when she can't mind her own.

Could it be that a particular freshman girl likes the name of Bobby or is it Billy now?

There is a certain girl in school that rolls her eyes. Who is she rolling them at? Can you tell us?

Why is Freddie always seen with boys? Could it be he doesn't trust girls? About time someone had some sense.

A freshman girl is seen at all times of night on the street. Has she lost anything?

Why is Sherman the only boy that the girls do not flirt with? Remember girls, good things come in small packages.

A girl that primps a lot pretends she's mad if you fool with her. Could it be she likes it?

Merle is seen on School street late at night. Can it be love??? It could be.

We wonder why a sophomore girl is always studying. Are books that interesting???

Kay is always undecided about boys. Could it be that she's afraid of love?

Why does a certain junior pry into the business of the seniors? You tell us.

Wouldn't a lot of people like to know what happened on Hallowe'en night? Why don't you inquire around? Our advice is not to do the same. Could be dangerous!

A couple of underclassmen could tell you how to measure ribbon after New Year's night.

GLEE CLUB



First row, left to right: Betty Petty, Frances Edgerly, Beverly Paine, Evangeline Manzer, Glenys Watson, Rose Bessey, Shirley McLean, Lois Bean, Patricia Witham, Florence Coro, Iva Moulton, Priscilla Whiting, Carmen Whitaker, Nancy Fish, Alverna Livingston, and Shirley Viles.

Second row, left to right: Rebecca Briggs, Mary Judkins, Wilma Hartwell, Ruth Buzzell, Maxine Paine, Lelia Newell, Muriel Dunphy, Eleanor Ketchum, Lillian Young, Barbara Judkins, Miriam Skillings, Miss Alice Richardson, music supervisor, Lucile Berry, Dorris Skillings, Frances Lynds, Sadie Lightbody, Katherine Ela, Mary Jacques, and Edith Spencer.

Third row, left to right: Erwin Brown, Lester Stapleford, Bruce Paine, Robert Nault, Chester Briggs, Chester Newell, Merle Skillings, Richard Whitaker, James Farley, Colby Hilton, Herbert Lynds, Sadie Lightbody, Hilda Walker, Chrystelle Berry, Muriel Moody, Blanche Mullin, Phyllis Coro, Katherine Ela, Mary Judkins, and Edith Spencer.

Christie Mullin absent when picture was taken.

Glee Club

The Glee Club had a very succesful year, under the supervision of Miss Richardson.

It consists of fifty-one boys and girls of grades eight to twelve. They participated in concerts at North New Portland, Solon, North

Anson, and Gardiner. They sang for the Christmas program, before the Lions Club, at the Junior Prize Speaking, and the anthem for the Baccalaureate Service.

Awards are presented to new members each year. Mrs. Judkins and Miss Hight served as pianists for our musical organizations.

BAND



Standing, left to right: Bruce Paine, Miss Alice Richardson, music supervisor, Colby Hilton, Robert Cummings.

Seated, left to right: Ernest Moody, Eleanor Ketchum, Muriel Dunphy, Alverna Livingston, Chrystelle Berry, Blanche Mullin, Robert Burns, Garry Spencer, Lucile Berry, Barbara Judkins, Katherine Ela, Miriam Skillings, Mary Judkins, and Robert Nault.

Band

The band consists of fifteen members which furnished us with music of cornets, trumpets, saxophones, clarinets, trombones, baritone and piano. It furnished music for the Junior Prize

Speaking, School Play, Senior Play as well as the Musical Concert at Solon, North New Portland and North Anson in May.

We appreciate Mrs. Judkins and Miss Hight playing the piano and Miss Richardson instructing us.

SCHOOL PLAY



Front row, left to right: Muriel Moody, Barbara Judkins, Muriel Dunphy, Katherine Ela, Phyllis Coro, and Maxine Paine.

Back row, left to right: Bruce Paine, Ernest Moody, Walter Ela, Dorris Skillings, Merle Skillings, and Chester Briggs.

School Play

The school play, "Cheerio, My Deario," was presented by the Student Council on November 16, 1945. The play was directed by Mrs. Getchell, who was later replaced by Mr. Abbott because of sickness. The cast was as follows:

Melchizedek, the porter at the Mountain View Inn	Chester Briggs
Desdemona, the maid at the Mountain View Inn	Barbara Judkins
Sue Grahame and Cherry Holt, joint owners of the Mountain View Inn	Maxine Paine and Katherine Ela
Dick Grahame, Sue's husband	Merle Skillings
Sophonra Spatchett, Cuthbert's fiancée	Dorris Skillings
Fifi, her French maid	Phyllis Coro
Tommy Tarrant, in love with Cherry	Manley Cates

Mrs. T. Jefferson Johns, in search of a title,

	Muriel Moody
Gwenneth Johns, her daughter	Muriel Dunphy
Lord Cuthbert Twillingham, in search of an heiress	Walter Ela
Snodsbury, his valet	Bruce Paine
Taxi Driver	Ernest Moody

Two girls, Cherry Holt and Sue Grahame, are unsuccessful in managing a summer resort hotel. Just as their landlord is about to eject them, Lord Twillingham telephones for reservations. Immediately title-seeking heiresses arrive, and business picks up. A fake telegram from Tommy, Cherry's jealous fiancée, fails to daunt the girls. Cherry impersonates the lord and becomes engaged to three heiresses, and the real lord arrives only to be the object of Tommy's violent lovemaking. Complications and laughs follow till the whole tangle is straightened out in a surprise finish.

SENIOR PLAY



Front row, left to right: Bruce Paige, Walter Ela, Merle Skillings, Ernest Moody, and Chester Briggs.

Back row, left to right: Mr. James Abbott, coach, Dorris Skillings, Mary Judkins, Muriel Moody, Blanche Mullin, and Phyllis Coro.

Senior Play

The Senior Play was presented on April 12, 1946, in the Academy Hall and was directed by Mr. Abbott of the faculty. The cast was as follows:

Lucy, the Smiths' maid	Muriel Moody
Benson, the Smiths' Butler	Bruce Paine
Aimee Smith, the wife	Mary Judkins
Mrs. Kennedy, the mother-in-law,	Dorris Skillings
Billy Smith, the husband	Ernest Moody
Jimmy Robinson, the friend	Walter Ela
Daisy Montaine, the show girl	Phyllis Coro
Ned Kennedy, the brother	Chester Briggs

The Cop, himself	Merle Skillings
Miss Jones, the fiancée	Blanche Mullin

This amusing play concerns Bill Smith, whose very capacity for blundering endears him to a host of friends. The whole cast; Ned, with too many fiancées, the cop, the wise butler, the perky maid, the mother-in-law who dislikes men, Bill's pretty wife, and the two attractive fiancées, all help to make this play a success. Bill has not really done anything bad—but appearances are against him. Amusing entanglements follow each other till everything is straightened out before the final curtain.

ONE-ACT PLAY



Left to right: Chester Briggs, Maxine Paine, Mary Judkins, Ernest Moody.

One-Act Play

Anson Academy entered the One-Act Play contest and presented "Andante", written by Wesley Coutts and produced by Row, Peterson and Company. The play was presented on March 22, 1946. The play was directed by Mrs. Pease. The cast was as follows:

David Lawrence, a great violinist,	Ernest Moody
Martha, his wife	Mary Judkins
Bruce, his son	Bruce Paine
Dr. Andrews	Chester Briggs
Alice, the maid	Maxine Paine

David Lawrence, a famous violinist, loses the use of his left hand in an accident. His wife bravely tries to help him bear his sorrow, and is helped by the understanding of the maid, Alice. During the play Dr. Andrews comes for a final examination and finds the hand permanently crippled. Lawrence, temporarily unbalanced, attempts suicide. His son Bruce, a promising violinist, intervenes, and saves his father's life and reason.

Our play competed against Wilton Academy and Rangeley High School at Strong on March 19. Wilton won the contest in a close decision.

Boys' Basketball



Kneeling, left to right: John Young, Garry Spencer, Ernest Moody, captain, Warren Bessey, Merle Skillings.

Standing, left to right: Chester Briggs, Richard Whitaker, Chester Newell, Mr. Merrill, coach, Bruce Paine, manager, Walter Ela, Ralph Manzer.

Boys' Basketball

The boys' team did well this year, considering the number of players who were lost throughout the season due to injuries and sickness. Despite this we won six out of thirteen games.

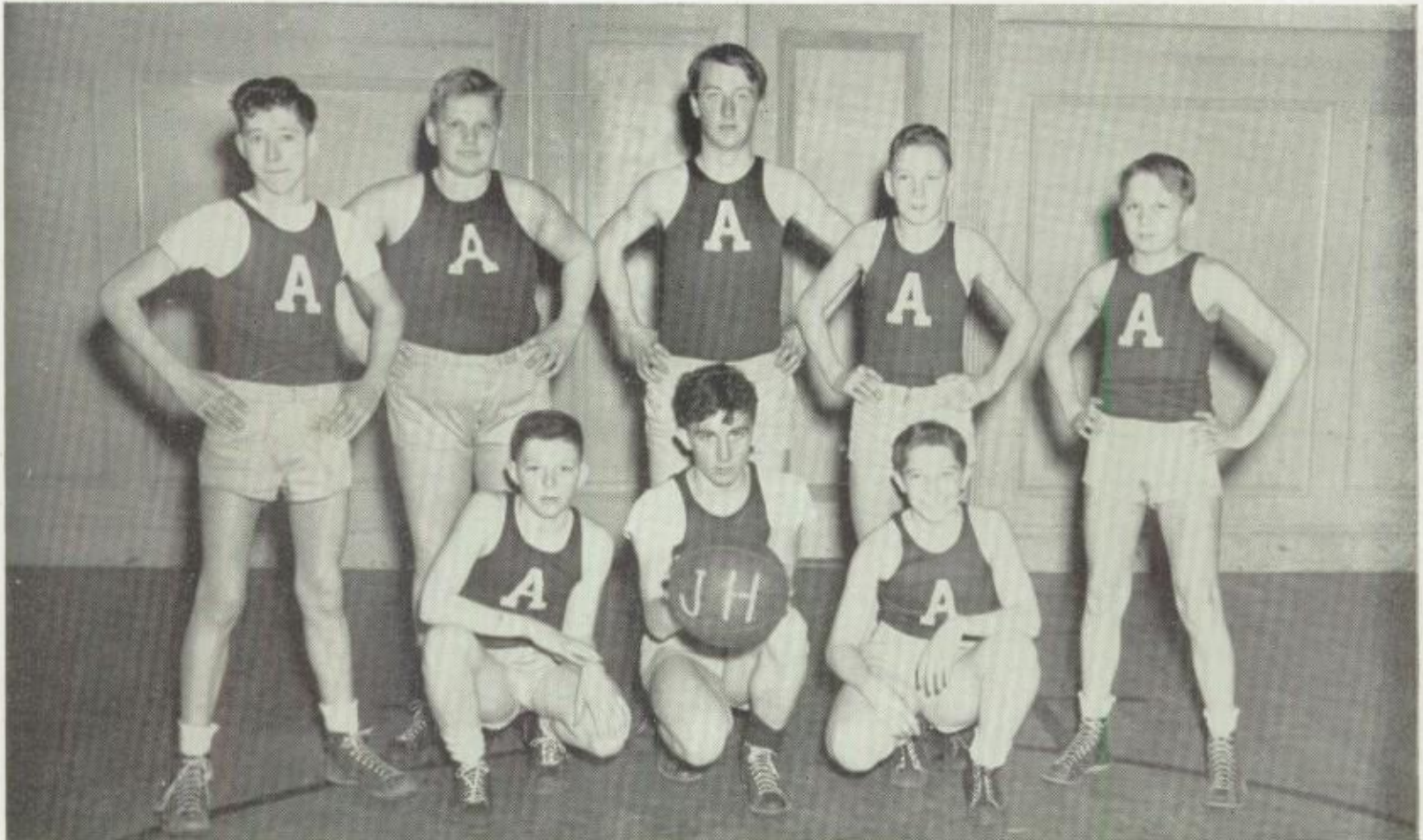
Two players will be lost through graduation.

These are the captain, Ernest Moody, and high scorer Walter Ela.

Chester Briggs was elected captain for next year and Walter Ela was elected the most valuable player.

The members of the team appreciate the time and help given by Mr. Merrill who coached us.

Junior High Basketball



Kneeling, left to right: Robert Cummings, Robert Nault, and William Paine.

Standing, left to right: Robert Burns, Colby Hilton, Fred Pullen, Charles Hartwell, and Eugene Norton.

Gale Oliver absent when picture was taken.

Junior High Basketball

The Junior High had a large turnout for basketball this year, having two complete teams.

They played six games with other schools;

winning two games with New Portland and losing two games to both Madison and Strong.

The boys express their appreciation to Alfred Holbrook who generously gave his time to coach them.

Girls' Basketball



Kneeling, left to right: Barbara Judkins, Muriel Moody, Katherine Ela, captain, Dorris Skillings, and Frances Lynds.

Standing, left to right: Miss Jackson, coach, Alverna Livingston, Mary Judkins, Lelia Newell, Chrystelle Berry, Blanche Mullin, Rebecca Briggs, Muriel Dunphy, and Ruth Newell, manager.

Girls' Basketball

The girls' team did very well this year, winning nine and losing four games.

Their prospects look exceptionally good for next year, as they will have most of their players back. The players that will be lost through

graduation are Blanche Mullin, Mary Judkins, Dorris Skillings, and Muriel Moody.

Our captain was Katherine Ela. Our high scorer, Muriel Dunphy, was elected the most valuable player and captain for next year.

Miss Jackson's time and help was appreciated by the girls of the basketball team.

GRADUATES OF ANSON ACADEMY - 1880 - 1946

In Appreciation to Mrs. Earl C. Wing who assisted us in preparing this Alumni section.

1880

Chauncey Adams, M. D., deceased
Augusta Bunker Bailey, deceased
Winnifred Ware Bodfish, deceased
Elizabeth Fletcher Emery, deceased
Geneva Albee Hilton, deceased
Arthur Hutchins, deceased
Ellen Cutts Knowlton, deceased
Charles Mann, deceased
Lauretta Hilton Newhall, deceased
Sam Starks, deceased
Cora Wilson, deceased

1881

George Abbott, deceased
Nellie Atkinson, deceased
Alice Taylor Goodrich, deceased
Emma P. Heald, Washington, D. C.
H. Mae Hilton, deceased
Delorme G. Luce, deceased
Ben Mantor, deceased
Addie R. Smith, deceased

1882

Fred Dinsmore, deceased
Rev. George E. Paine, deceased
Almenda Andrews Paul, deceased
Dr. I. L. Salley, deceased
Lottie Sampson Lovejoy, Jefferson, Me.
Lilla Smith Salley, deceased
Mellen A. Whitney, deceased
Hon. W. L. Walker, Skowhegan, Me.
Cora Wilson, deceased

1883

Mae Fletcher Parsons, Fairfield, Me.
J. Frank Whitney, deceased
R. Baxter Hutchins, deceased
Clarence Mantor, deceased

1884

Carrie Atkinson Brown, deceased
Minnie Bunker, Berkley, California
Eugene Danforth, deceased
Wallace Jones, California

Eugene Sampson, Jefferson, Me.
Alice Moore McAlphine, deceased
Rev. E. V. Stevens
Etta Strickland, deceased

1885

Hon. F. W. Bunker, deceased
A. L. Safford, Massachusetts
Lizzie Cleveland Kelley, deceased
Emma Walker, deceased
Nathaniel Buxton, deceased
Annie Gordon, deceased

1886

Hon. Ernest G. Walker, deceased
Emogene Frederick Varney, West Mills, Me.
Charles Williams, Colorado
Leonora Thompson Williams, Colorado
Caddie Foss Sherman, Farmingdale, Me.
George W. Patten, deceased

1887

Gertrude Smith, North Anson, Me.
Grace Smith, deceased
W. B. Clark, North New Portland, Me.
W. B. Cutts, M. D., deceased
W. H. Bodfish, deceased
Katherine Spaulding Foster, deceased
Belle Clark Jacobs, deceased
Sionellie Irving Howland, Solon, Me.
Gertrude Millay Heminger, North Anson, Me.
May Harding Blanchard, Argentina
John Leslie Walker, deceased
May Belle Parlin Graves, deceased

1888

Hon. Cyrus N. Blanchard, Wilton, Me.
L. E. Moulton, deceased
Frank Dunbar, M. D., deceased
Mark L. Pullen, North Anson, Me.
G. A. Whitney, deceased
Lettice Bradbury, Livermore, Me.
Elizabeth Pease Werne, New York, N. Y.
Marita Houghton Savage, deceased
M. L. "Queenie" Ware Bailey, deceased

T. R. Atkinson, deceased
Perley B. Thompson, California

1889

Lena Savage Davis, Madison, Me.
Royal Boston, deceased
Samuel E. Tinkham, deceased
Helen Fletcher Stevens, deceased
Rev. F. H. Baker, deceased
Charles Fairbrother, deceased
Susie Paine, deceased

1890

Annie Fairbrother Smith, North Anson, Me.
Ethel Bailey Deane, North Anson, Me.
Alice Parlin Clark, North Anson, Me.
Bertha Bailey, deceased
Carrie Cutts McLean, deceased

1891

G. A. Tripp, M. D., deceased
Mabel Steward, Philadelphia, Pa.
Minnie Russell Wheeler, deceased
Mildred Patterson Manson, deceased
Mabel Marston Porter, North Anson, Me.
J. Leon Parlin, deceased
Eugene Paine, deceased
Florence Hapgood Tarbell, deceased
Ned Albee, deceased

1892

Benjamin Marshall, Oakland, Me.
George Eames, deceased
Hortense Chase, Portland, Me.
Addie Josephine Moulton, deceased
Lena Donley, Portland, Me.
Mae McKusic Drake, Dover-Foxcroft, Me.
Oliver Cutts, deceased
Perley Walker, deceased
Susie Jones Harding, Madison, Me.
Walter McKenney, North Anson, Me.

1893

Ina Donley French, Portland, Me.
Annie Moore Leach, deceased
George Foster, deceased
Elizabeth Marshall Spinney, Boston, Mass.
Charles Knapp, Georgia
Esther Cheney Drake, deceased
Ralph Locke, deceased

1894

Annie Roberts, Anson, Me.
Ansel Knowlton, Utah

1895

Lula Smith Dutton, Attleboro, Mass.
Alice Dinsmore Small, California
Eda Moore, deceased
H. E. Marston, M. D., North Anson, Me.
Ethel Hilton Rowell, Solon, Me.
Fannie Maud Pullen Gulliver, Heedham, Mass.
Cora Donley Standish, deceased
Frank Dutton, deceased
Herbert Walker, deceased

1896

Daniel Marshall, deceased
Albert Millay, deceased
William Collins, deceased
Albert Moore, Fairfield, Me.
Olin Paine, deceased
Hattie Walker Whitten, Farmington, Me.
Henry Norton, North Anson, Me.
Mertie Dutton, deceased
Lester Witham, deceased
Wilkie Clark, Portland, Me.
Luke Houghton, deceased
Charles Walker, New Portland, Me.
Nell Hapgood Houghton, Portland, Me.
Nellie Miller Braithwaite, Hampden, Me.
Stella Brown McCabe, deceased
Harry Williamson, deceased
Grace Scott French, deceased
Earland Bailey, deceased
Minnie Benson, deceased

1897

Winnie Hall Whittier, Farmington, Me.
Mahlon Moore, North Anson, Me.
Daniel Steward, deceased
Lena Smith Marshall, deceased
Eda Baker Williams, Bingham, Me.
Raymond Mayo, Portland, Me.
Bertha Caswell, North Anson, Me.
R. Morrill Walker, Pennsylvania
Vesta Moulton Williams, Belfast, Me.
Jennie Paine, Waterville, Me.
Helen Simmons Houghton, California
Charles Luce, deceased

Edith Davis, deceased
Mary Tarbell, deceased
Daniel Dinsmore, deceased

1898

Bessie Spaulding Rand, North Anson, Me.
Elizabeth Dinsmore Holley, deceased
Harry Beale, North Anson, Me.
Harry Emery, Bangor, Me.
Harry Morin, M. D., Bath, Me.
Fred Spinney, M. D., Massachusetts
John Higgins, Skowhegan, Me.
Marion Sprague Moore, deceased
Roy Danforth, deceased
William Wing, Portland, Me.
Edwin Collins, deceased
Allen Gray, deceased
Arthur Collins, deceased

1899

Harriett Spinney Cobb, Pittsfield, Me.
Edith Walker, Anson, Me.
Lowell E. Bailey, North Anson, Me.
Delmont Tozier, Fairfield, Me.
Arthur Tarr, Weiser, Idaho
Frank Noddin, Bangor, Me.
Fred Williamson, New York
Louisa Twaddle Tapley, deceased
Millard Howe, deceased
Walter Howe, deceased

1900

Alfred Roberts, deceased
Harriet Jones Scott, North Anson, Me.
Marion Hovey Barnaby, North Anson, Me.
Harold Collins, North Anson, Me.
Joseph Norton, North Anson, Me.
Edith Paine Bickford, Waterville, Me.
Bertha Bailey Roberts, Worcester, Mass.
Arthur Clark, Skowhegan, Me.
Clara Robinson Murphy, Solon, Me.
Paulenah Simmons, deceased
Nellie Collins Parlin, deceased
Daisy Barron Perry, deceased
Lester Records, deceased
Ernest Noddin, deceased

1901

George B. Walker, deceased

1902

Annie Longley Burgess, Norridgewock, Me.
Gladys Beale Ellingson, Montana
Mabel Seward Heath, Portland, Me.
J. Lawrence Steward, California
J. Clifford Merrill, deceased
Bertha Paine, Skowhegan, Me.
Laura Clark Buzzell, Rockland, Me.
Jerry Mongeon, Madison, Me.
Bertha Getchell Paine, deceased
Leona Redmond Sterling, Caratunk, Me.
Fostena Pierce Dickey, North Anson, Me.
Grace Murphy Smith, Fairfield, Me.
William T. Goff, Bingham, Me.
Blanche H. Bosworth Joyce, deceased

1903

Gertrude Caswell Norton, California
Wilbert Brown, Madison, Me.
Lee Merrill, Kingston, Mass.
John Tarr, Anson, Me.
Marion Payne Louisfell, Auburn, Me.
Guy F. Williams, New London, N. H.
Eugene Spencer, Portland, Me.
Walter Lane, Kittery, N. H.

1904

Berdena Hoyt Leland, California
Bessie Ellis Perry, Norway, Me.
Edna Robinson Haskell, deceased
Emily Sawyer Holway, North Anson, Me.
George Merrill, Boston, Massachusetts
Ina Hodgdon Razee, Providence, R. I.
Rachel Marshall Sterling, deceased
Sherman Hapgood, Gray, Me.
Susan Clark Young, deceased
T. Leon Patterson, Chicago, Ill.

1905

Nellie Pullen Brackett, Winslow, Me.
Maurice Foss, deceased
Maud Perry Harding, Anson, Me.
Roxie Merrill Perry, deceased
Wallace Parsons, Waterville, Me.

1906

Fred Barron, California

1907

Merton Crymble, Leeds, Me.

Erma Gordon Emery, East New Portland, Me.
 Merita Bennis Pease, Stratton, Me.
 Mabel Brackett Tilton, Fairfield Center, Me.
 Clarence Tarr, deceased
 Edna Hovey Thorne, North Anson, Me.
 Clarence Wentworth, Bingham, Me.
 Arthur Williams, Wiscasset, Me.
 Josephine Gipson Sawyer, Bingham, Me.
 Ethel Young Norton, North Anson, Me.
 Iva Jackson Paine, deceased
 Harry Savage, Bangor, Me.
 Sarah Blackwell, Stratton, Me.

1908

Clayton E. Eames, Skowhegan, Me.
 Flora Berry Durgin, deceased
 Fannie Crymble Chase, Newcastle, Me.
 Lee Ellis, Skowhegan, Me.
 Verna Hatt Savage, North Anson, Me.
 Maud Hall, Stratton, Me.
 Eva Dudley Bacheldor, Bingham, Me.
 Minnie Greenleaf Newry, Massachusetts
 Florence Noddin Troop, Bath, Me.
 Luella Richards Clark, Farmington, Me.
 Beatrice Gipson Brown, Farmington, Me.

1909

Bertha Oliver Hoyt, North Anson, Me.
 Mildred Paine Larson, Boston, Mass.
 Josephine Dunton Sawyer, North Anson, Me.
 Frances Gilbert Curran, Richmond, Me.
 James H. Thorne, deceased
 Elmer W. Sawyer, New York, N. Y.
 Archie Danforth, deceased
 Lester Holway, deceased
 Everett Sawyer, North Anson, Me.

1910

Ve'ma Barbeau Sanborn, Saugus, Mass.
 Lawrence Beale, North Anson, Me.
 Mildred Perry Bryant, Madison, Me.
 Ben Collins, Augusta, Me.
 Clara Parker Nutting, West Farmington, Me.
 Elizabeth Gifford Baker, Athens, Me.
 Addie Fletcher Oliver, Anson, Me.

1911

Kate Robinson Fletcher, E. New Portland, Me.
 Helen Palmer Dinsmore, Waterville, Me.
 Raymond Whitney, Bangor, Me.
 Helen Holman Fullam, Livermore Falls, Me.
 Edna Nicholson Bickford, Haverville, Mass.

1912

Joseph Rogers, Pennsylvania
 Alice Cahill Bridges, C. D., Auburn, Me.
 Ella Robinson, Albany, N. Y.
 Sherman Oliver, Fryeburg, Me.
 Florence Danforth Jackson, Skowhegan, Me.
 Clara Huggins Corson, Madison, Me.

1913

Charles Spencer, North Anson, Me.
 Fannie Hume Miner, deceased
 Chester Hewett, Michigan
 Susan Walker Moore, deceased

1914

Carrie Simmons Whitney, deceased

1915

Joseph Smith, deceased
 Roy Gifford, Wilton, Me.
 Wilfred Barbeau, Schenectady, N. Y.
 Lina Mitchell Whitney, Augusta, Me.
 Carl Bothwick, Bangor, Me.
 Edna Kelley Boyington, Solon, Me.
 Hester Pullen, North Anson, Me.
 Emily Savage Livingston, North Anson, Me.

1916

Christabel Ellis Andrews, deceased
 Dwight French, Bangor, Me.
 Mildred Hodgdon Heffren, Pittsfield, Me.
 Charles Smith, Bath, Me.
 Mahlon Wentworth, Pleasant Pond, Me.
 Bessie Rogers Newhall, New Portland, Me.
 Ella Wentworth, deceased

1917

Alden Bailey, deceased
 Abbie Berry Steward, Pleasant Ridge, Me.
 Lula Gordon Ridlon, North Anson, Me.
 Guy Hunnewell, North Anson, Me.
 Roland McKenney, Old Town, Me.

1918

Miriam Smith Brier, Georgia
 Marion Pullen Holbrook, North Anson, Me.
 Mary McLean Noyes, Houlton, Me.
 Verna Bothwick Murphy, Belfast, Me.
 Lois Emery Hoyt, Farmington, Me.
 Florence Cushing Harvie, North Anson, Me.

Fern McKenney Deane, Leominster, Mass.
Helen Paine Isbell, Auburn, Me.
Helen Fentiman Henderson, Connecticut

1919

Bernice Bailey McBurnie, Augusta, Me.
Arthur Andrews, deceased
Marjorie French LeFleur, Portland, Me.
Norma Berry Knight, Connecticut
Elvie Spencer McCarthy, Solon, Me.
Thelma Warren Durkie, Pennsylvania

1920

Oliver P. Baker, Detroit, Mich.
Walter T. Booker, Anson, Me.
Ruby Bulger, deceased
Rex Dexter, Massachusetts
Omar Friend, New York, N. Y.
Edna Marshall, Pittson, Me.
Mildred Morris Nugent, Waterville, Me.
Doris Paine Eames, Skowhegan, Me.
Ethel Stetson Chapman, Massachusetts
Edna Tilley Greenleaf, North Anson, Me.
Martelle A. Tibbetts, Portland, Oregon

1921

Eva Booker, Skowhegan, Me.
Hazel Huggins, R. N., Madison, Me.
Gwendolin Wing Burke, Portland, Me.
Esma Hackett, Winchester, Mass.
Audrey Fenlason Jennys, Madison, Me.
John Pratt, New York, N. Y.
Alice McLean Tibbetts, Portland, Oregon
Hazel Crymble Downs, Lowell, Mass.
Ethel Smith, Springfield, Mass.
Eleanor Mitchell, Boston, Mass.
Doris Clark Gordon, Berwick, Me.
Carleton Wentworth, Canaan, Me.
Alfred Holbrook, North Anson, Me.
Emily Wentworth Cross, Embden, Me.
Laura Chapman, Newcastle, Me.
Thelma Knox Lippold, N. New Portland, Me.

1922

Edith Brown
Alta Ellis French, North Anson, Me.
Erva Berry Doyle, Tolland, Conn.
Regis Farr, Connecticut
Elsie Getchell, North Anson, Me.
Pearl Mullen Jacques, North Anson, Me.
Adeline Hewitt Stevens, South Paris, Me.
Louise Tibbetts Mosher, Oakland, Me.

Donald Berry, North Anson, Me.
Goff French, deceased
Ercell Gordon, Berwick, Me.
Ellery Fletcher, North Anson, Me.
Wilbur Dumphy, Pleasant Ridge, Me.
W. Kingman Williams, New York

1923

Doris Fenlason Spencer, North Anson, Me.
Dorothy Parsons Johnson, Fairfield, Me.
Lena Quint Holden, Skowhegan, Me.
Myrtle Williamson, deceased
Thomas French, Fryeburg, Me.
Alvin Bradbury, Livermore, Me.
Daniel Clark, Stonington, Me.
Merton Spencer, North Anson, Me.
Erwin Nichols, Bangor, Me.
Ernest Getchell, Embden, Me.

1924

Shirley Albee Heald, Anson, Me.
Mark Rand, Northampton, Mass.
*George Hovey Barnaby, Portland, Me.
*Earland Bailey, Augusta, Me.
Virginia Smith Lamb, Portland, Me.
Ellen Carlson Collins
Marion Churchill Braccan, Boston, Mass.
Walter Colburn, Portland, Me.
Amber Colby Skillings, North Anson, Me.
Fannie Dunphy Moores, Kingfield, Me.
Roger Goddard
Alice Hamilton, deceased
Agnes Hebert Whitaker, North Anson, Me.
C. Wadsworth Hamilton, deceased
Joseph Spiller, North Anson, Me.
Madge Tibbetts Gagneau, Anson, Me.
Ethel Williamson, Skowhegan, Me.

1925

Verne Bailey, Bangor, Me.
Myrtle Berry Oliver, Starks, Me.
Amy Clark Manzer, North Anson, Me.
Lucy Dinsmore Albee, Hyde Park, Mass.
Eugenia Fenlason Dickson, Ridlonville, Me.
Alice Russell
Mabel Fowke Cogan, Portland, Oregon
Sylvia Fowke, Auburn, Me.
Emma Gould Fowke, Skowhegan, Me.
William Hartwell, North Anson, Me.
Josephine Peters Blackwell, Madison
*Edward Savage, North Anson, Me.

Louise Shaw Pratt, Portland, Me.
 Florence Spencer McNeil, Prince Edward Is-
 land
 Catherine Taylor, deceased
 Margorie Walker Burton, Waterville, Me.
 Marie Wentworth Cross, Embden, Me.
 Cora-Belle Williams Paine, North Anson, Me.
 Evelyn Wing Leavitt, Flagstaff

1926

Winola Bailey, Waterville, Me.
 Evelyn Barron, R. N., Portland, Me.
 Pauline Briggs Barnard, Manchester, N. H.
 Helen Clark Edgerly, Madison, Me.
 Hazel Cushing Dill, Starks, Me.
 Kate Hartwell Lomis, Connecticut
 Margorie Green Wilson, York, Me.
 *Clarence Ellis, Augusta, Me.
 *Ralph Fowke, West Barrington, R. I.
 Hilda Green Trudel, North New Portland, Me.
 Russell Jackson, North Anson, Me.
 Cyrus Parlin, North Anson, Me.
 Elsie Safford, Corning, California
 Verne Safford, Wiscasset, Me.
 Esther Walker Bronson, Waterville, Me.
 Addie Walker Morton, North Anson, Me.
 Ethelyn Ward Sennette, Pembroke, Me.
 Gertrude Young Clark, Stonington, Me.

1927

Shasta Albee Boyington, N. New Portland, Me.
 Whitman Allen, North Anson, Me.
 John Atwood, Concord, Me.
 Roscoe Bigelow, Concord, Me.
 Glenis Bradley Ross, Florida
 Erma Cleveland Rolfe, North Anson, Me.
 Frank Dickey, North Anson, Me.
 Arlene Fenlason Henderson, North New Port-
 land, Me.

*Harold Fenlason, Bangor, Me.
 Florice Gifford, Phoenix, Arizona
 Thelma Smith Malo, Lewiston, Me.
 Ruth Green Trudel, North New Portland, Me.
 Julia Norton Cates, North Anson, Me.
 Marion Wells Orcutt, New Vineyard, Me.
 Hazel Robinson Allen, North Anson, Me.

1928

*Mira P. Barnaby, North Anson, Me.
 Paul Dickey, North Anson, Me.
 Verna Dunbar Mayhew, Madison, Me.

Frances French Mathews, North Anson, Me.
 Iva Moulton, North Anson, Me.
 Priscilla Noddin, Massachusetts
 *Lawrence Shaw, U.S.N.
 Warren Scott, Sabattus, Me.

1929

Lillian Bailey Stevens, Fairfield, Me.
 Dwight Barron, Embden, Me.
 Olive Barron Houghton, N. New Portland, Me.
 Edith Deane Spear, Augusta, Me.
 Elizabeth Dunton Pease, N. New Portland, Me.
 Waldo Hartwell, Bingham, Me.
 Rena Hunnewell Grey, South Brooksville, Me.
 John Ellis, Monmouth, Me.
 Ruth Ellis Houghton, North Anson, Me.
 Roland Flether, North Anson, Me.
 Frank Norton, Kingfield, Me.
 David Norton, Portland, Me.
 Leona Sibley, Fairfield, Me.
 Ivan Spencer, North Anson, Me.
 Rachel Parsons Russell, Bingham, Me.
 Robert Witham, Los Angeles, California
 *Leslie Young, Madison, Me.

1930

Berle Bailey Ducharme, North Anson, Me.
 Marjorie Bailey Libby, Waterville, Me.
 Cora Barron Atwood, Kingfield, Me.
 *Charles Crymble, Monmouth, Me.
 Helen Farmer, North Anson, Me.
 Leone Felker Allen, Brownville Junction, Me.
 Ernestine Noddin, R. N., A.U.S.
 *Benjamin Norton, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Willard Rand, California
 Rowena Richardson, California
 Lilla Smith Berry, Springfield, Mass.
 Harvey Spear, Augusta, Me.
 Harriet Walker Wilkins, Embden, Me.

1931

Reuben F. Smith, Lewiston, Me.
 Ralph Haines, Madison, Me.
 Phylis Flagg Chase, North Anson, Me.
 Lora Crymble, Leeds, Me.
 *Frank Berry, Springfield, Mass.
 Mavorite Bailey Richardson, California
 William Butler, Natick, Mass.
 Ruth Thorne, Athens, Ohio
 *William Clark, New York, N. Y.

Pauline Reynolds Bowcock, San Francisco
Irene Tarr Timberlake, Ridlonville, Me.
Genevieve Deane Patridge, Augusta, Me.

1932

*Kenneth Bailey, Waterville, Me.
Thomas Mayo, North Anson, Me.
Helen Oliver, North Anson, Me.
*Homer Dickey, North Anson, Me.
Ella Howard Sterns, Portland, Me.
Harriet Parsons Morris, Lexington, Me.
Donald Paine, Sanford, Me.
Errold Quint, North Anson, Me.
Olive Wing Daggett, North Anson, Me.
*Grenfell Sparks, York Village, Me.
Ellen Hartwell Teague, Portsmouth, N. H.
*Robert Porter, U.S.A.

1933

*Charles Anderson, North Anson, Me.
*Clayton Packard, North New Portland, Me.
Jeanette Barnard Stoddard, California
Robert Chase, North Anson, Me.
Irene Clark Edgerly, Madison, Me.
Lermond Davis Davis, Five Islands, Me.
*Gerald Ellis, U.S.A.
*Robert Ellis, U.S.A.
*Blin Felker, deceased
Altana Flagg Chase, North Anson, Me.
Elizabeth Norton Johnson, North Anson, Me.
*Chester Paine, Anson, Me.
Isbelle Perkins Dunlap, Embden, Me.
George Shaw, Portland, Me.
Georgia Sparks Staples, Farmington, Me.
Bernice Young Moulton, Madison, Me.

1934

Violet Berry Corson, Skowhegan, Me.
Warren L. Farmer, Embden, Me.
Kenneth Oliver, North Anson, Me.
Inez Anderson Raymond, Portland, Me.
*Harold Bickford, New York, N. Y.
Ella Dickey Flanders, North Anson, Me.
Vernon Stapleford, Connecticut
Isbelle Bradley Carlson, North Anson, Me.
Osborne Wells, California
Glenys Wing Profenno, Portland, Me.
Russell Peters, Anson, Me.
Vera Barron Chipman, N. New Portland, Me.
Kleber K. Skidmore, Athens, Me.

Glenwood Richardson, California
Benjamin Ela, Jr., Berkley, California
Erma Crymble Bailey, Portsmouth, N. H.
Thelma Paine Moody, North Anson, Me.
Ruth E. Steward, Bingham, Me.

1935

Nina Bailey Kent, Winslow, Me.
Wilma Bailey Ellis, North Anson, Me.
*Perley Duguay, Madison, Me.
Carl Flanders, North Anson, Me.
*Robert Holway, Waterville, Me.
Mary Monohon Lambert, Strong, Me.
Thelma Otis Barron, Embden, Me.
*Winston Paine, deceased
John Rand, Connecticut
Esther Salley Dickey, Embden, Me.
Margaret Smith Fields, Portland, Me.
Frances Tarr Irish, Turner, Me.
Barbara Thorne Davis, Five Islands, Me.

1936

Dorothy Clark, Fairfield, Me.
Jeanette Peters Merrow, Fairfield, Me.
Cora Berry Lightbody, North Anson, Me.
*Edward Marston, U.S.N.
*George Hoyt, U.S.A.
Mary Viles Spencer, North Anson, Me.
Hazel Berry Corson, Connecticut
William Spencer, North Anson, Me.
Thelma Berry Dunphy, North Anson, Me.
*Harry Viles, North Anson, Me.
Edna LeClair Otis, Topsham, Me.
Alta Barron Ufford, North Anson, Me.

1937

Dorothy Chandler, Lincoln, Me.
Doris Foster Golding, Anson, Me.
Shirley Peters Grey, North Anson, Me.
Addie Walker Belows, Waterville, Me.
Margorie Paine Bearor, Anson, Me.
*William Hooper, Jr., North Anson, Me.
Irene Giguere Mayo, North Anson, Me.
*Allen Storer, U.S.N.-R.
*Charles Trenton, North Anson, Me.
Vincent Davis, Five Islands, Me.
Oscar Fenlason, North Anson, Me.
*Harold Smith, Gardiner, Me.
Margaret Nichols Smith, Gardiner, Me.
*Charles Clark, Jr., Fairfield, Me.

*Carroll Goodwin, Jr., North Anson, Me.
*Paul E. Murray, Colby College, Waterville,
Maine

Emma Jo Beale, R. L., Portland, Me.
Barbara Heffren Hanson, Fryeburg, Me.

1938

*Donald Durgin, North Anson, Me.
*Clifton Lewis, Leominster, Mass.
Walter Engelberg, deceased
*Leo Mayo, North Anson, Me.
Kent Wight, Washington, D. C.
Dorothy Dickey Flanders, North Anson, Me.
*Robert Viles, North Anson, Me.
Emmons Rolfe, New Britain, Conn.
*Roland Duguay, Madison, Me.
Catherine Berry Hagopian, Madison, Me.
*Helen Smith Sessions, Detroit, Mich.

1939

Shirley Lovejoy Goodwin, North Anson, Me.
*Kenneth Young, North Anson, Me.
*Violet Billings Vital, Rhode Island
*Willis Lovejoy, North Anson, Me.
Ernest Haskell, Gardiner, Me.
*Ellsworth Spencer, Anson, Me.
*Ezra L. Dunton, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Robert Barbeau, Anson, Me.
Ecla Nichols Barbeau, Anson, Me.
*Walter B. Hall, Augusta, Me.

1940

Ruth Greenleaf Dudley, New York, N. Y.
Charles Everett Spencer, North Anson, Me.
Elwin Hooper, North Anson, Me.
*Hall Wight, Madison, Me.
Agnes LeClair Mayo, North Anson, Me.
*Forest Walker, Waterville, Me.

1941

Lorraine Barbeau Morong, Massachusetts
Amy Berry Smellie, Skowhegan, Me.
*Raymond Greenleaf, North Anson, Me.
Pauline Hamilton Edell, Anson, Me.
Priscilla Harvie, R. N., Washington, D. C.
*Ivan Hoyt, U.S.A.
Alice LeClair, Veazie, Me.
Marjorie Lightbody Berry, North Anson, Me.
*Murray Livingston, North Anson, Me.
Lillian Moody Bahr, Anson, Me.
Lola Nichols Haskell, Gardiner, Me.

*Saterlee Petty, North Anson, Me.
Robert Smith, North Anson, Me.
*Betty Schwarz, R. N., U.S.A.
Florence Trenton Fletcher, North Anson, Me.
*Bruce Viles, North Anson, Me.
*Raymond Young, U.S.N.
Virginia Wing Moore, Biddeford, Me.

1942

*Benjamin Berry, North Anson, Me.
Merle Bessey, Skowhegan, Me.
Elroy Davis, Connecticut
Frances Greenleaf Spencer, North Anson, Me.
Mae Hoyt, Colby College, Waterville, Me.
*Frank Paine, North Anson, Me.
Barbara Safford, R. N., Waterville, Me.
Norman Rickards, North Anson, Me.
Ernestine Walker Williams, Embden, Me.
Thelma Wells, New Vineyard, Me.

1943

Elizabeth Beale, North Anson, Me.
Mary Haskell, Brewer, Me.
Anna Kitchen Pickett, North Anson, Me.
Frances Moody, North Anson, Me.
Olive Parlin, Portland, Me.
Mavis Savage, North Anson, Me.
Florence Slipp, Berywn, Penn.

1944

Frances Coro Savage, North Anson, Me.
*Randall Ellis, Castine, Me.
Ruth Estes, Farmington, Me.
Irene Ferguson, Skowhegan, Me.
Richard French, North Anson, Me.
Mary Greenleaf, North Anson, Me.
Kathryn Moody Joy, North Anson, Me.
Lillian Dill Moody, Lewiston, Me.
*Rolland Moulton, North Anson, Me.

1945

Frances Adams Edell, Anson, Me.
Dawn Bessey, North Anson, Me.
Erma Hoyt, North Anson, Me.
Glenice Livingston Norton, North Anson, Me.
Donald McLean, North Anson, Me.
Elizabeth Spencer, Skowhegan, Me.
Joyce Young, Bangor, Me.

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The Morning Sentinel

North Anson's Own Daily Newspaper

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